THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

BEYOND THESE CHILLING WINDS.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal;

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for age eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there
Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For death, the silent warden, keeps the key
That opes these gates elysian.

But sometimes when adown the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! O land of love divine!
Father all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine,
Into those pastures vernal. —*Ex.*

Communications.

For The Messenger.

ONCE MORE.

Dear Dr. Davis:—I told you in your editorial sanctum, the other day, that I thought I would write no more on the mission house problem. But when I returned home I found the Messenger of the 20th inst. aglow with the subject. Among others, Dr. G. is out once more in advocacy of a mission institute, and this time in response to an appeal of a lay brother in Harrisburg, who, as a graduate of a college, speaks out in favor of the proposed new experimental attempt. When such men, wearing the insignia of regulars, speak in this way it makes one feel like getting into the Amen Corner and singing out an emphatic response.

Our Harrisburg graduate thinks we must have more ministers, and we must have them promptly or fail—I think so, too. He thinks a mission house is what is needed to get this increase, and to get it in proper character and kind. Here I do not exactly see as he does. He wants to meet the emergency by irregular methods, outside of college and seminary walls; I propose to have the emergency provided for, either regularly or irregularly as the case may require, inside of properly endowed and equipped central institutions Yes, I as one who has sprung up and developed, nobody can tell exactly where and how, rise up in defence of strong unified effort as the one thing needful to give us a reasonable hope of success in the current of our young and vigorous American life.

I am not a college boy, nor a seminary boy, either, in the proper current sense. Still, I have not yet reached the conclusion that the practical demands of our age and country can best be met by ignoring, or setting aside, or dwarfing our ancient academic and theological modes of culture, even for a temporary purpose Can't we get more life and energy into our college and seminary faculties, by giving them a better financial support; by adding more teachers to their number; by putting up such additional buildings as the work demands; by generously furnishing the necessary apparatus; and by, in every way, putting ourselves thus in living, active, intelligent accord with the broad-minded genius of the times? We want ministers, certainly, who can speak to the people about the salvation of their souls, but they must needs also be able to grapple manfully with the broad issues of the day. Hence, the need of thoroughness of culture.

If my memory serves me correctly, Dr. M. Kieffer has taken the field in the interest of the Seminary at Tiffin. I hope he will succeed. Get all the money that is needed, and, if there are not professors enough, put in more, and then bring in your regular or irregular students by the score and give them material aid, and there will be no trouble to make things go.

Let the same course be pursued at Lancaster, and, I think, the present dreaded paucity of candidates for the ministry will soon vanish, like the mist of the morning before the rising, shining, burning sun. Unity is what is wanted to give strength, dignity and success; and not a scattering of forces for specific ends

Had the Reformed Church in the United States been under properly unified control since the day of the sainted Schlatter, we might now be ten times more in every way than we are. And if we are at all earnestly concerned about avoiding the mistakes of the past, we must begin by stopping the cutting up of our forces into small squads.

Let us have unity and strength, therefore, with just as much practical freedom and activity as we can possibly enforce.

I. E. Graeff.

Tamaqua, Aug. 23, 1884.

For The Messenger.

MINISTERIAL RELIEF SOCIETY.

The date of the formation of the Ministerial Relief Society, or as it is termed in its charter, the "Society for the Relief of Ministers and their Widows of the Reformed Church in the United States," cannot be traced or ascertained. The earliest records of the original Society have been lost or mislaid—probably destroyed. The oldest document extant is a bond, bearing date May 1st, A. D. 1790, and was given by Rev. J. H Helfrich, as Treasurer of the Society's funds, to Rev. Frederick Dallicker, Nicholas Pomp and Philip Pauli, members of the Synod of the German Reformed Church in the United States, for the faithful discharge of his duties.

It would seem that the Society at first, and for a long time, did not exist apart and altogether independent of Synodical control. If it was not, strictly speaking, a Synodal organization, it was nevertheless a voluntary association, made up and composed of members of the Synod, or Coetus, as the Synod was at first called. As such it acted, to some extent at least, under the Synod's direction and supervision, and was, it is said, "to continue at its pleasure." That it was the intention of its members to place it in immediate conection with, and under the protection of, the Synod, is moreover apparent upon the face of the charter, which was subsequently secured in March, 1810, from the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

There is good ground for believing that the Society, as the "Widows' Fund," had its origin considerably over a hundred years ago under the fostering auspices of the Synods of North and South Holland. Those Synods took a very lively and deep interest already in the welfare of the German emigrants to Pennsylvania, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago. This interest displayed itself by the churches of Holland taking up collections, amounting to very considerable sums, from year to year, and sending them statedly over to America for the benefit and use of the German Reformed Church. Full and particular accounts or statements of their appropriations were always returned by the Coetus. While poor churches and parochial schools were mainly the recipients of this bounty, the case of ministers' widows was not overlooked, but as cognate with the other objects for which contributions were regularly made, was also provided for.

Accordingly, in the "Letters from Holland, relating to the organization of the German Reformed Church," translated by Rev. Dietrich Willers, by direction of the Synod, a number of years ago, and published in the Messenger at the time, mention is made of a "Widows' Fund" as being in existence already in 1775, to which contributions were frequently made before and during the struggle of the colonies for independence, in sums of from 150 to 600 guilders at a time, by the Reformed Church in Holland.

In the distribution of this subsidy, as it has been called, in 1759, for the asisstance of the weak or feeble churches, parochial schools and widows of ministers, mention is made of the widows of Rev. Dorstius and Rev. Munz having been given certain sums. Rev. G. H. Dorstius was settled as pastor in Bucks county, Pa., seventeen or eighteen years—from 1731 to 1748 or 1749. Where and when Rev Munz labored, we cannot learn.

It seems probable that these contributions from Holland gradually ceased some years after the War of Independence closed, when the congregations became themselves able to make some provision for the weaker ones, for the parochial schools and for the needy widows of ministers.

Upon the most reliable traditional authority, the sum of $1400 was received from the Classis of Amsterdam in 1790, as a contribution to the Widows' Fund. This sum was gratefully acknowledged by the Coetus, and gave a new impulse to the zeal of the members of the Coetus, in prosecuting the benevolent work which has been so auspiciously assumed and begun by them.

As near as can now be ascertained, the Association of ministers members of the Synod, was formed in 1787 or 1788, when the Society had its origin or formation. Henceforward, the Society continued to dispense its benefactions under Synodical supervision, and, although its annuities were limited, they nevertheless made glad the hearts of their recients year after year.

But at length, for the greater security of their funds, and also to give validity to their acts, a charter was seemed necessary. Application was accordigly made to the Supreme Court of Pensylvania for a charter, which was granted in A. D. 1810 by that body. A copy of this charter has been published in the Messenger of the 30th of last April. As this instrument confined, or limited, to a certain extent, its operations to the State of Pennsylvania, application was made to the Legislature of the State for an Enabling Act, extending its operations to the whole Reformed Church in the United States. This was obtained, and the Act of the Legislature was approved by the Governor February 28th, 1865, and has been regularly enrolled and received into the office of the Secretary of State. A copy of this document was also published in the Messenger of April 30th.

More of this hereafter. W. M. D.

Foreign Correspondence.

For the Messenger.

THE PEOPLE AND CHURCH IN SWITZERLAND.

Interlaken, Aug. 10, 1884.

Dear Dr. Davis:—I wrote you a few days ago something about the wondrous scenery of Switzerland. The people and their religion are still more interesting, because the earth was made for man, and he is its head and lord, even though greatly fallen from his first estate.

We called on a seemingly sincere and earnest pastor at Brienz, a man apparently under forty years of age, who has from *five* to *six thousand* souls under his care, including children, and besides has a great deal to do in superintending the schools and the charities of his large congregation. Some of his members with whom we conversed spoke of him as a good preacher. He said he had nothing to complain of specially in his own charge, but said there was a great deal of *rationalism* in the Swiss Church. Some of the professors at Berne, where he studied, are rationalists. The minister who preceded him was a rationalist, and denied the resurrection of Christ. Some few days later I attended service in a Reformed Church in Interlaken, one of the chief centres for travelers in Switzerland. It was a plain venerable old edifice, with an organ back of the chancel, the altar in the centre and the pulpit at the left against the wall. The minister wore a gown, as they all do, read the principal prayers, but interpolated short *extempore* prayers before and at the close of the sermon. The seats are plain benches, the floor bare. As the people come in, each stands in his place and offers up a silent prayer before taking his seat, the men usually holding the hat before the face, the women inclining the body. The attendance was good. The sermon was on a portion of scripture not often preached on, viz., the Epistle of St. Paul to Philemon. It was employed as giving the only true solution of the *social question*, and it was a most able and orthodox sermon. After discussing in a familiar way the difficulties of man's social being, he closed by saying that the peaceful condition of soul required can only be secured through the new birth and true conversion, which is the greatest good Christ bestows on man.

Now when one sees these attentive and devout congregations in these smaller towns, sees crowds of young people on a Saturday, for instance, going to catechization, *Unterricht*, and hears such sermons, he cannot help believing that a large portion of these plain people are, after all, very little affected by the virus of rationalism. In the large cities it prevails. Well, what does not prevail in large cities everywhere? We have tried to talk with the poor plain people as much as possible, our coach driver, our boat rowers, and whomsoever we could well talk with, and we find simple-hearted faith, and devotion to the Church. The main difficulty lies in the subjection of the Church to the State. Though Switzerland, in many respects, has the freest government in Europe, if not in the world, yet on this subject it follows the traditions all around it Even this is not an unmixed evil, and we have a word yet to say on the representations given in the Belfast Alliance in regard to it by the delegates from the continent. I believe their statements were very one-sided as to the condition of the Church here. But still, the pastor to-day in a private conversation referred to the freedom of the Church in America, and hoped it would yet become so here in Switzerland also. On this whole subject one requires a good deal of observation and study before he is prepared to pass judgment. My impression thus far in regard to the religious condition of the people here is far more favorable than I expected it would be. My impression is that rationalism does not extend as much among the people as might be supposed, and that in many cases their faith stands firm in spite of some rationalistic preaching. I believe this is the case in Germany too, though I cannot speak so much from observation of that country.

The appearance of the farming land is beautiful, more like American farms than anything I have yet seen in Europe. *The farmers have* barns here. The only trouble is that the acreage one man cultivates is small, and he and his wife and children must work hard to eke out a scanty living. As the children grow up there is little or no work for them, and so many of them must emigrate, or it may be go into foreign military service. Yet withal the Swiss seem a happy people, and, as is everywhere known, are ardently attached to their Alpine homes. When abroad in the world they feel, if they do not sing, the Schweitzer's heimweh song, "Hertz, mein hertz, warum so traurich!" Said Dr. B to a little Swiss girl on Mt. Rigi, "Would you not like to go to America?" "Nein," she replied. "Ya, warum nicht?" Quick came the answer back, "Warum wollen sie nicht here bleiben?" Why would you not remain here? Ah, it is *home* that makes the fatherland as well as the father land makes the home. We travelers in the fairest portions of all Europe think of our homes and long for homes in America, and yet forget that people here even though life with them has its heavy burdens, have the same love for home and fatherland.

P. S. We had a long interview with pastor Küchler this evening, whom we heard preach this morning, on the state of the Church in Switzerland, and also with a young French minister who is preaching here for a month in the Scotch chapel, from a French canton, which only confirms what I have said on the subject. The Reformed Church here is not, by any means, given over to rationalism. But to explain matters on this subject, especially the difficulties growing out of the union of Church and State, would require more than a postscript, hence I will reserve it for another time. Pastor Küchler was a student under *Rothe*, has written some works, and gave us a very satisfactory account of Swiss Church affairs.

I have only space to add that Prof. Blaikie, of Edinburg, preached here this morning, but even if we had known this in time, we would still have given the preference to our own Reformed Church.

Yours truly, T. G. A.

For the Messenger.

A LETTER FROM ITALY.

Lake Como, Italy, August 4, 1884.

In farming and the mechanical pursuits these people seem to be innocent of the spirit of modern progress. At several places I saw farmers threshing wheat in the open air with a steam machine. Generally they adhere to more ancient methods. I saw men threshing with a flail on the hard ground in the open air, under a hot August sun. They winnow the wheat by throwing it in the air with a shovel, when the wind driveth the chaff away. One rarely meets with a forest. But every field, large and small, is bordered with one or two rows of fruit, mulberry, lombardy poplar or willow trees. The tops are cut off for fire wood. In many cases they are used as grape trellises. Heavy vine-cordages extend from tree to tree, clear around the field and farm. These trees give the country the aspect of a vast forest. As you approach them you discover heavy crops of wheat, corn, rye, flax and hemp amid these enclosures. In the more fertile parts you continually meet with scenes which remind you of Virgil's Umbrian meadows, and his white bullocks standing and splashing about knee deep in the shallow streams and the marshes. In all Italy one rarely sees any but white, or ash grey oxen with horns half as long as their bodies. Very seldom are horses used in farm work.

The Italian summers are usually very warm. We happened to find the weather exceptionally pleasant. At mid-day the sun is hot, but the evenings, nights and mornings, are agreeably cool. The hotels, finely constructed, clean, tastefully furnished and well conducted, have very few guests, by reason of the strict quarantine regulations along the Italian border. We narrowly escaped this. I have not felt the heat as much here as in average American August weather.

Ordinarily the heat from ten to three o'clock is depressing. It produces drowsiness and languor. In Rome many of the stores are closed from noon to three o'clock. People who have time take their naps. And many who have no time take them any how. Cabmen lie asleep on their high seats waiting for passengers. Carters, sometimes two or three of them lie bent together on the top of their lofty loads of wood or grain, whilst the sleepy horse jogs along wearily as best he can. Rows of strong, able-bodied men lie stretched on the pavements along the houses on the shady side of the street. The birds seem too sleepy to sing. Indeed during the heat of the day the herds of cattle one sees from the passing train lying in their pasture fields seem to be nodding, and almost too sleepy to chew the cud. And you yourself, whether in car or church will be likely to fall to nodding. In an Italian midsummer all things living, save the fleas, get drowsy or fall to dreaming. At this writing, (1 P. M.) one is fast asleep, with head pillowed on the ta-

ble where I pen these lines. But the fleas are the most thoroughly wide awake people in Italy. Although a feeble folk they ply their annoying occupation at all hours of the day and night with an energy worthy of a better cause. They are a crafty, cunning and cruel vermin. They assail you at the most unseasonable hours and in ways most unfair. It may be while you are conversing with a lady; devoutly listening to a sermon, or at a festive gathering when good manners forbid your interference with them. Robert Burns once wrote a pretty little poem on a louse which he watched crawling over a lady's bonnet, as he sat near her at church. Perhaps had he himself felt the fangs of the vile intruder he would have reserved his rare gifts for a worthier subject. The moral of his poem is good enough:

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us."

But *there* is just where the rub comes in with these fleas. You cannot *see* them. It may have been an unkind feeling which prompted the wish in me: could I only gather these wretched things in a thimble, I would lay them on a blacksmith's anvil, and with one mighty stroke of his largest hammer, convert them into a spot of grease.

We have traveled nearly 1000 miles through Italy. In crossing the Appenines by railroad we passed through 48 tunnels in less than four hours. And on our way along the coast of the Mediterranean to Milan, we passed through 85 tunnels in a distance of less than 50 miles. One of these tunnels was 7 miles long. Altogether, since we began to ascend the Alps from the north we passed through more than 150 tunnels. These underground tours, where one is borne along beneath high mountains, amid darkness and unearthly rumbling noises, are not the most enjoyable kind of traveling. But as with many other things, one at length becomes used to them.

We have been spending three days at the Villa d'Este, on Lake Como. This charming lake lies between the southern spurs of the Alps. Dear reader, should you ever be so fortunate as to visit Italy, do not fail to visit Lake Como and stop at the Villa d'Este at least four or five days. With a palatial building, adorned with paintings and statuary; with shaded walks around it, the high mountains rising back of it, and the silvery lake in front, the whole reminds one of such fairy places as writers of fiction delight to depict. A walled terrace separates the front from the lake, where the guests sit in the cool of the evening.

Take one such evening. The lake is calm and still. No sound of wheel or of vulgar voices disturbs the quiet. The guests speak in a subdued tone of voice. Now and then the plashing oars of a passing boat are heard. The high mountains, rising abruptly around the hotel cast their evening shade into the lake. Over the mountain opposite hangs the full moon, casting its silvery sheen across the water. A quartette of skilled Italian players entertain us with some of the best classical music, most charmingly rendered. A short distance down the lake was a boat full of male singers, some of whose voices were of rare purity and compass. The singing and the playing were so pleasing, that, not being able to enjoy the full benefit of both at one and the same time, we were embarrassed to know which to select.

The lake is about 30 miles in length, and from a half to two and a half miles in width. It is enamelled with mountains 7000 feet high. Along its banks are numerous deep bays, and abrupt windings afford you grand and picturesque surprises at every turn. Along a narrow strip of the coast a line of villas and villages are strewn, from which narrow terraces of vineyards, and grass, and grain patches, rise towards the receding mountain top. At short intervals, a number of dwellings are grouped around the plain belfry of a church as the brood of a hen is grouped around and beneath the wings of the parent fowl. Sweet is the music of these bells as it rolls and reverberates up and down this peaceful lake when they ring for vesper or Sabbath morning service. Our room fronts on this scene of calm and peace.

The evening shades are now falling on the lake. In this dreamy land of a great past I devoutly think of my own dear country. It has no past like this, but surely more of a future. I turn away from these grand, gaudy and almost ghostly churches, to the plain churches and stirring, working congregations of my own country, throbbing with a present, growing Gospel life. Thus musing by the lake of a quiet Sabbath evening I reverently said in my inmost soul: "Hail Columbia, happy land!" B. BAUSMAN.

Family Reading.

BEYOND.

It seemeth such a little way to me
Across to that strange country, the Beyond;
And yet not strange—for it has grown to be
The home of those of whom I am so fond;
They make it seem familiar and most dear,
As journeying friends bring distant countries near.

So close it lies, tha', when my sight is clear,
I think I see the gleaming s'rand;
I know, I feel that those who've gone from here
Come near enough to touch my hand.
I often think, but for our veiled eyes,
We should find heaven right 'round about us lies.

I cannot make it seem a day to dread
When from this dear earth I shall journey out
To that still dearer country of the dead,
And join the lost ones so long dreamed about.
I love this world, yet shall I love to go
And meet the friends who wait for me, I know.

I never stand about a bier and see
The seal of death set on some well-loved face,
But that I think: "One more to welcome me
When I shall cross the intervening space
B. tween this land and that one over there—
One more to make the strange Beyond seem fair."

And so for me there is no sting to death,
And so the grave has lost its victory;
It is but crossing, with a bated breath,
And white, set face, a little strip of sea,
To find the loved ones waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

—*Ella Wheeler.*

"CONQUERORS THROUGH HIM THAT LOVED US."

By Emily Huntington Miller.

If I could tell you all that the disciples of the Lord Jesus had to suffer in the days of Paul, you would say it was a dreadful story. All manner of cruel things were done to them; they were driven from their homes; they had to hide away from the soldiers in dens and caves; they were everywhere abused and persecuted and put to death with cruel tortures. They were cold and hungry, and Paul says they were killed all the day long, and counted as only sheep for the slaughter. Was it not strange that, in spite of all this, they went on just the same, telling the story of Jesus, serving Him themselves, and trying to bring others to serve Him. Their enemies could not even make them sorrowful, or stop their singing praises as long as they had breath. They were conquerors, because they overcame all their troubles; and even more than conquerors, because they really got good out of all these evil things But they did not conquer because they were so strong; some of them who were so patient and joyful in trouble were only little children, and they could not walk on such a hard, rough road alone They had One with them to help and lead them; it was the One who so loved us that He gave His life for us, and who said to His children: "Lo, I am with you always." They were conquerors, because He was with them, and nothing could separate them from Him, or make Him stop loving and caring for them With God on their side, it did not matter who was against them; when troubles were the hardest they heard Him saying: "Fear not, I am with thee," and even though they could not understand why such cruel things came upon them, they could trust in their Father's love. Why, they said: "He that spared not His own Son, but freely gave Him up for us all, shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?" We are sure of His love—nothing can separate us from that—and, while we love Him, we know that all things shall work together for good to us. Paul did not say that he supposed all things were for the best; he says: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

So we may think of all our sorrows and troubles and disappointments and pains as God's workmen, all of them working together to make us in some way better; and if Christ is always with us, we, too, can say of our troubles: "In all these things we are more than conquerors, through Him that loved us."

A little child was once obliged to have a painful operation performed. Her father took her in his arms and explained to her that it was best, and would save her a great deal of suffering by and by, and prevent her from becoming a cripple. The child believed that the father knew best, and she said: "Stay right by me, papa, and hold my hand, and I can bear it."

Just as the father stayed close by his child and held her hand, and whispered: "Be brave, my darling; it will soon be over," so our Father watches by us every moment, and whispers, when we are in trouble: "Be patient, and hold on to My hand; nothing can separate you from My love; in life I am always with you, and in death you will be only coming a little closer, where you can see Me as I see you."

We may not have to meet such bitter things as the early disciples did—famine and persecution and cruel suffering—but we may be conquerors over our little troubles, through Him that loved us. If we learn in His strength to be patient and loving and forgiving when others are unjust and unkind, we are conquerors; if we overcome our sins by faith and trust in His name, we are conquerors, and day by day we shall learn to know how true it is that all things which our Father sends us do really bring about our good. So that we may not only be disciples, but glad, happy disciples, praising and singing as we go: "If God be for us, who can be against us?"—*The Christian Union*

THE MEASURE OF A CAP.

The covering of the head has often been made to denote whether a woman were married or maiden, and in some districts of Germany the cap or hood is the particular privilege of wives, and the placing of it on the head an important feature in the marriage ceremony. Morison's *Itinerary*, giving an account of a visit to Scotland in 1598, says, "Gentle-women married did wear close upper bodies, after the German manner, with large whalebone sleeves, after the French manner, short cloaks like the Germans, French hoops, and large falling bands about their necks. The unmarried of all sorts did go bareheaded, and wear short cloaks, with most close linen sleeves on their arms, like the virgins of Germany. Long before this, in 1457, a Scotch Act for the restraining of sumptuous cloth ing had directed that all merchants, unless they held office, such as an Alderman or Baillie, should forbear "to walk in silk attire," and were enjoin d to see that their wives and daughters should walk abroad in a manner corresponding to their estate, "that is to say, on their heads short curches (kerchiefs), with little hudes as are used in Flanders, England, and other countries." It is not related how the unfortunate merchants succeeded. In the Records of Chester there is a curious ordinance made in the 32d year of Henry VIII. for the correcting and putting an end to irregularities among women in the wearing of caps, kerchiefs, and hats, whereby it is ordained, "That after the eyght day of September next comyng no manar single or vnmaryed woman within the said citie shall were vpon hur hede eny whyte cap or of other colour vnder payne of iii s. for euery time so offendinge, nor that eny wyfe, wedo, or other woman or mayde wythin the saide citie after the daye afore-said shall weare eny hatte of blacke or other colour oneless it be when she tydes or goith on walking abrode into the feldes or country, vnder payne of iiiid., and euery tyme so offendinge this ordinance. Prouided allwyyes, that all wemen h[illegible] or diseased with grete sickeness m[illegible] for their healthe use hattes and capess they haue done aforetime." And in France we find at the same period a well-established distinction between the hood of single and married ladies. In Ireland in 1565, a by law of the corporation of Irishtown was made, to serve political purposes, declaring that no inhabitant dwelling with the Miter land, being a free man or woman, might wear any apparel but after the English manner, "nor no woman wear cas under pain of forfeiture."

"OUT OF MY WAY."

A man with a barrow, and a boy with a barrow, meeting each other in a very narrow street. "Out of my way," shouts the man, good humoredly enough at the moment, but with a look and tone that also adds plainly enough: "I will make you do so, if you don't go willingly." And with a few grunts and groans and hard struggles, the boy managed to get his heavy load of oranges lifted half up on to the curbstone, leaving the path clear for his fellow orange seller.

After all, since one of the pair had to give way, it was more fitting that it should be the younger. And where two orange barrowmen are concerned, one does not look for any exaggerated remembrance of the injunction: "Whoso is greatest among you, let him be your servant." But it is not only barrowmen who say to each other: "Out of my way." I saw the sentence expressed by action, if not by word, in church one day. The seats were free, and a meek-eyed, pale-faced lady had taken an end seat near the door, evidently not sure that her strength would hold out to the end of the service. A few minutes later after the prayers had begun another lady came in, dressed in the height of fashion. A quick look around took in her meek faced sister. She bestowed a second, rather closer glance upon the plain, simple attire, and then—pardon the word, in reference to a lady's action—she literally hustled the first occupant of the seat to another farther up, and took the place herself The wealthy dame was one of those people who are said to have "a distinguished, commanding air;" evidently very much accustomed to commanding: "Out of my way"—and to being obeyed.

"Whoso is chief among you, let him be your servant." In a company of people there is generally one who shouts: "Out of my way." These hectoring individuals don't say these words exactly, but they act them. Their voices drive other voices out of the conversation. Their imperiousness pushes aside other folks' arguments. Their vanity says to their companions: "Just step into the background, and let me monopolize attention."

Ah, yes! this "Out of my way" order is being uttered every day, and every minute of the day, in every rank and occupation of life. And the great need is that we each of us watch ourselves from hour to hour lest we also are guilty of this selfish exclamation, "Out of the way," instead of remembering to esteem others better than ourselves.—*Lutheran.*

READING ALOUD.

If you ask eight people out of ten now, they will tell you that they hate being read to. And why? Because from their childhood they have been unused to it, or used only to such a monotonous drone as robbed even the *Arabian Nights* of half their charm. The husband, at the end of a hard day's work, returns home to pass the evening, absorbed in his book, or dozing over the fire, while the wife takes up her novel, or knits in silence. If he read to her, or if he could tolerate her reading to him, there would be community of thought, interchange of ideas, and such discussion as the fusion of two minds into any common channel cannot fail to produce. And it is often the same when the circle is wider. I have known a large family pass the hours between dinner and bed-time, each one with his book or work afraid to speak above his breath because "it would disturb papa." Is this cheerful, or wise, or conducive to that close union in a household which is a bond of strength through life, which the world can neither give nor take away? I cannot blame them, for they all read abominably; and it is enough to have endured the infliction of family prayers, gasped and mumbled by the head of the family, to feel that listening to such a delivery for any length of time would exasperate one beyond endurance.

But it was not always so. In the last century—even as late as fifty years ago—reading aloud was regarded as an accomplishment worth the cultivation of those (especially those who lived in the country) with pretensions to taste; and it was, consequently, far more frequently found enlivening the domestic circle There were fewer books, fewer means of locomotion, fewer pleasures of winter nights, outside the four walls of the country parlor. The game of cribbage, or the sonata on the spinet, did not occupy the entire evening after six o'clock dinner; and Shakespeare and Milton were more familiar to the young generation of those days than they are now—mainly, I feel persuaded, because they were accustomed to hear them read aloud The ear, habituated to listen, is often a more safe conduit to the memory in youth than the inattentive eye which rapidly skims a page.—*Nineteenth Century.*

TRUE LOVE.

Phœbe Cary.

I think true love is never blind,
But rather brings an added light;
An inner vision, quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides him from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul unharmed, sublime;
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how manhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid his hand,
And lo, I worship at his feet.

THE CHOICE OF OCCUPATION.

Parents often complain to me that their sons, who have been to school all their lives, have no choice of occupation, or that they choose to be accountants or clerks, instead of manfacturers or mechanics. These complaints are invariably unreasonable, for how can one choose at all, or wisely, when he knows so little?

I confidently believe that the development of the manual elements in school will prevent those serious errors in the choice of a vocation which too often wreck the fondest hopes. It is not assumed that every boy who enters a manual training-school is to be a mechanic; his training leaves him free No pupils were ever more unprejudiced, better prepared to look below the surface, less the victims of a false gentility. Some find that they have no taste for manual arts, and will turn from them into other paths—law, medicine or literature. Great facility in the acquisition and use of language is often accompanied by a lack of either mechanical interest or power. When such a bias is discovered the lad should unquestionably be sent to his grammar and dictionary rather than to the laboratory or draughting-room. On the other hand, decided aptitude for handicraft is not unfrequently coupled with a strong aversion to, and unfitness for, abstract and theoretical investigations. There can be no doubt that in such cases more time should be spent in the shop, and less in the lectere and recitation rooms. Some who develop both natural skill and strong intellectual powers will push on through the polytechnic school into the professional life as engineers and scientists. Others will find their greatest usefulness, as well as highest happiness, in some branch of mechanical work, into which they will readily step when they leave school. All will gain intellectually by their experience in contact with things. The grand result will be an increasing interest in manufacturing pursuits, more intelligent mechanics, more successful manufacturers, better lawyers, more skillful physicians and more useful citizens —PROF. WOODWARD, *in Popular Science Monthly.*

THE THRONE OF WOMAN.

The well-being of society rests on our homes, and what are their foundation stones but woman's care and devotion? A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." The love we experience for domestic blessings increases faith in an infinite goodness, and is a foretaste of a better world to come.

Our homes, as one well observes, are the support of the Government and the Church, and all the associations and organizations that give blessings and vitality to social existence are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distance may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth Be she of high or low degree—in single blessedness or double—she is recreant to her duty if she sits with folded hands and empty head and heart, and frowns on all claims to her benevolence or efforts for the welfare of others. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some parent to care for, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. "To whom much is given, of them much will be required." That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison. At home does woman appear in her true glory; in the inner sanctuary of home life can she be most like those who walk above "*in soft, white light" and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.*—*Cleveland Leader.*

SUMMER TRAVEL.

Character is never more clearly revealed than in the bustle or annoyance or pleasure of travel. The courteous, refined, Christian gentleman, when on a journey, never forgets to be polite, obliging, and unofficiously attentive to the wants of the weak or infirm or unfortunate He never rushes for the best seat, oblivious as to whether there are those who, for humanity's sake, ought to be served first, but remembers the Golden Rule.

The true, well-bred lady is never fussy, nor noisy, nor uneasy. She does not talk loud in the cars, nor is she too confidential with strangers. She does not fret if the cars are delayed. She does not worry for fear of accidents. She takes care of her wraps or bundles quietly. She is polite, good natured, and considerate of others.

If you are a true little gentleman, or a real little lady, do not forget that people will know it by your behavior when you are travelling.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

To keep a room free from flies few devices are more effectual than to fill the windows with growing geraniums and calceolarias.

BEEF OMELET.—Three pounds of beefsteak, three-fourths of a pound of suet chopped fine, salt, pepper and a little sage, three eggs, six Boston crackers rolled; make into a roll and bake.

Caper sauce is drawn butter sauce with two or three tablespoonfuls of French capers added; put them in before you take the sauce from the fire; lemon juice may be added. The capers come in bottles ready for use.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—Three grated parsnips, three eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one teacup of sweet cream, butter half the size of an egg, three tablespoonfuls of flour; fry as pancakes; salsify may be used in place of parsnips.

CINNAMON BUN.—Make your paste just as you would for ordinary buns; roll it out into suitable lengths for the size of your bun, and then butter these rolls well, and as you twist the roll into form place between the folds some cinnamon, currants, and sugar. Then place your buns in the baking pan, strewing white pulverized sugar over the whole.

CORN-BEEF SCRAPPLE.—Purchase a four-pound piece of corned beef, brisket, free of bone, with fat and lean mixed. Put it in a kettle that has a cover, and then pour over it sufficient water to cover it. Put the lid on the kettle and set it on your range or stove, where it may cook very slowly for four or five hours, or until it is perfectly tender. Then take it out of the pot, and with the water in which it was boiled mix enough plain water to boil one breakfast cup of Hecker's hominy grits and two cups of yellow corn meal; stir all well while cooking (about half an hour will do); while this is being done, cut the meat up in small, thin pieces (not chunks) about half an inch square; mix these pieces through with the mush while warm, and pour the same into flat pans. Use a little black pepper and a little sage for flavoring. When cool, cut up in slices and fry.

Youth's Department.

"LITTLE BROWN HANDS."

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat field,
All yellow with ripening grain.

They find, in the thick-waving grasses,
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson buds of the rose.

They toss the hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder blooms white;
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They know where the apples hang ripest,
And are sweeter than Italy's wines;
They know where the fruit is the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

They gather the delicate sea weeds,
And build tiny castles of sand;
They pick up the beautiful sea shells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.

They wave from the tall, rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great;
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of our land,
The sword and chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—*New Haven News.*

PRIDE AND ITS TUMBLE.

By Josephine Carter.

The King and Queen of Tulips came forth one bright morning from their winter palace to attend the spring carnival, and found most of their kinsfolk and humbler neighbors already assembled, dressed in their finest robes, and enjoying themselves in the warm sunshine. They threw aside the large green cloaks they had worn on the journey to protect them from the chilly night air, and raised their proud heads far above the rest, looking around at them as if to say, "Who is as grand as we or as gay, in our new and gorgeous raiment?"

It is true they were very beautiful, as they stood there in true royal state.

The King was a tall fellow—straight as an arrow, his robes rich red, striped and splashed with gold—so stiff and heavy one wondered how he could bear their weight and stand so erect.

The Queen was not so tall as he, and her dress was less showy. No two portions of it were alike, and the bright colors were so blended as to make one think of the golden sunset. She carried herself very gracefully, nodding slightly now and then to the lords and ladies standing about her, accepting their apparent admiration and homage, as a just tribute to her splendor and position.

"See," said she to the King, "how dull and faded all the other flowers look, when we are near; what must life be to them and what good can they do in this world? We really do wrong to show ourselves among them at these gatherings, or it ought to make them sad (if it does not) to feel how really ugly some of them are in contrast with our grace and beauty. Look at those Crocuses and Jonquils—really, they are nothing but weeds. A Dandelion or Wild Violet looks just as well. Why will John the gardener allow such trash a place so near to our kingdom? That Narcissus tries to be as grand as we, and lifts herself on tip-toe to look as tall. All she has is a crown, which only shows she is royal—her clothes are next to nothing—just a plain white jacket, with a tiny red edge. Our robes are stiff and regal, and we know how to wear them and show them too."

The King listened approvingly to his wife's comments and criticisms, and nodded to express his own like sentiments; and she continued:

"Those 'Stars of Bethlehem' try to twinkle and attract notice—pride themselves upon their name—think it gives them a charm. They are dull, dead-white things—not even a dash of color in them, and a cold breath of air blights and withers them. At the best their bloom only lasts one day and then it is over.

"Lady Daffy-down-dilly wears the mussy, old-fashioned yellow dress and green petticoat, the costume her great-great-grandmother wore, on her journey to town, which is recorded in history and has made the family renown. Her descendants never vary it in color and style, although they look countrified and old-fashioned.

"Now we are famous, too, but don't have to wear a uniform to prove it, No two of us were ever alike. Why, the bulbs of my great grandfather's cousins once removed were sold for five hundred dollars in Holland, and placed in the royal gardens, and a child who ate one by mistake, thinking it an onion, was put in prison, and her life spared only by the kind queen's intercession."

Pleased with his wife's intelligence and appreciation of their own high position and superiority over all the other bulbous tribes, the King meditated upon her words for a long time, and both seemed lost in thought as they basked in the sun's rays and soft, balmy air which made everything so cheerful and bright. The Lilies of the valley who had been playing bo-peep in their broad, sheltering leaves, looked out now and then to see the fun, and then sought the shade again, shaking their snowy bells in a sweet chime, sending forth a dainty perfume which seemed like a breath of praise so fragrant and pure.

Later in the day little Bessie came dancing down the garden walk with a basket on her arm, while John the gardener followed with shears in hand ready to cull whatever flowers she might wish. They were for her sick mother, who could not watch the flowers bud and blossom as she had done years before, and their presence in her chamber seemed to while away the weary hours and awaken hopes of recovery and strength.

"Give me lots, John, sweet ones, too," cried Bessie, as she flitted around from flower to flower. "Mamma's very sick, and when the pain goes for a little while she says they talk and make her forget it, more than reading aloud or singing. She loves the Crocuses and Daffys, because they look so bright and happy, and the 'Stars of Bethlehem,' she says, are so like 'the flower of grass' spoken of in the Bible, they are so frail. Yes, give me Jonquils, but no tulips—not one! They are too gaudy for anything, and then they don't smell! I call them peacock flowers for they seem so vain, and just stand still all the time to be looked at.

"Oh, oh, just see, John, the dear lilies of the valley have come at last! Come and smell how lovely they are! It seems as if their waxen cups were made for the fairies to drink the dew from. Pick all you can, and long stems, too, and let some leaves stay on, just as they grow. Mamma *loves these best of all, and says when she* smells them and closes her eyes, the scent of them carries her thoughts way back to her childhood and school days; and she can almost see the great round bed of them growing again, in the old garden, under the linden tree, white with blossoms."

The flowers had listened approvingly to Bessie's praise of them, and as she returned to the house a murmur of satisfaction was evident. All but the King and Queen seemed pleased, but they held their ground in stately silence.

"Don't mind anything that such a child can say," said the stately Queen. "She is so young, and has no sense. She has seen and read very little, and never even heard of our ancestry. She will change her opinion of us as she grows older and more cultivated."

These soothing words comforted the King's wounded pride. He remained silent, but spread his red and gold mantle wide about him, and drank deep quaffs of the balmy air.

As the clearest sky in springtime is apt to soon become cloudy and overcast, the morning so full of beauty and promise gave way to a cold and windy afternoon. Heavy showers, a skurry of snow, and a little hail, came sifting down; and the wind blew in gusts, bending the slender shrubs and plants to the ground, snapping off many of the crisp young shoots, chilling and blighting every one of the starry "Bethlehem flowers."

The lilies just retired into their leaf bowers. The daffys and other loose leaved flowers wrapped their robes closely about them and waited for the storm to pass; while the jonquils bobbed about in the wind and enjoyed the fun. Where were our King and Queen meanwhile? They were not exempt from the rudeness of the wind and hail, and it was hard for them to endure their attacks, after the slight of little Bessie. The King felt overcome; his self-sustaining power was gone. A sudden blast of wind laid him low; his neck broke as he fell; his golden crown and regal garments lay in the muddy path. There, all bespattered and drabbled, only patches of his brilliancy showed a fallen King. His poor Queen could only express her sorrow in silence. She shrunk to her smallest capacity, and swayed to and fro in the now abating shower, stricken and desolate, and the rain drops seemed like tears shed in sympathy for her.

The next morning the sun arose again in all his glory, and the world began anew. It found the Queen as beautiful as ever, but a tone of sadness filled her heart, and her bright colors seemed too gay, even for her. There she stood, in the same place, surrounded by her lords and ladies, and her humbler neighbors, too. There lay the King, lifeless and withered, still neglected and uncared for. His vacant throne looked only a bunch of leaves.

Early in the morning Bessie's elder sister, Miss Nannie, came into the garden to gather the "church flowers," as she did every Saturday.

"I hope she will take me," thought the lovely Queen.

The wish was gratified, for she was soon snipped off by the sharp shears and laid on a tray with all the other flowers.

Her rank and station was not observed, and she was so mixed in with her despised neighbors that she did not feel quite sure that she was not a jonquil or crocus herself. She comforted her wounded feelings, saying: "I'll wait till we reach the church, and then they will see the place I can fill there. I shall shine in my true light. My color will fill the gloomy place with cheer, and my old King would have been in his glory now, had he only lived."

Miss Nannie carried the flowers into the church and placed them in two elegant silver vases. She was anxious to have the flowers look their best, and took considerable trouble in arranging them. Queen Tulip troubled her a good deal, for she seemed out of place, her colors were so much brighter than any of the rest. She did not seem to be a church flower, and would not fit anywhere. So Miss Nannie tossed her away in disgust, and the rejected Queen lay on the church floor bruised and almost lifeless. The flowers who, in her eyes, possessed so little charm or merit looked down upon her from their exalted position—they, not she, were to hold a place in the coming service and give expression to their Maker's praise.

The old sexton, in passing, picked the Queen from the floor and threw her out into the street. Thus ended the day of King and Queen Tulip. The wise man says: "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall.—*N. Y. Observer.*

A GOLD-LINED NEST.

Close to the United States mint, on the roof of the place of business across the street, there is a small red box, which was formerly occupied about this time of year by a pair of robins, but lately occupied solely and entirely by a pugnacious and tricky English sparrow. This miserly fellow—and the sparrows are all an avaricious set—after driving the robins out, has occupied the box for two seasons without even so much as a mate. As might be supposed, one who was able to do that is foremost in looking out for himself in other ways. Among the girls, and even among the girls in the mint, nearly all of whom bring their dinners with them, this particular sparrow has been long a favorite because of his boldness, and so freely does he fly in the windows and flit in the back door of the smelting room to pick up crumbs, that they jocularly say he is the only one who has the "free run of the mint." A short time ago a boy in the building went where Mr. Sparrow has made his nest, and, peeking into the box to see if there were any of the young folks at home, as the boys love to do, he was surprised upon drawing his fingers out to see them sparkling in the bright sunshine. No miner who strikes an unexpected vein was more excited than that boy as he seized the box and carried the whole thing downstairs, where it was found that the inside was not only flecked with gold dust, but that accumulations of the precious metal had formed a sort of a carpet of sparkling, soft, yellow gold, the whole proving a verilable "bonanza." The sparrow had regularly been carrying off quantities of gold dust in its feathers, which it shook out when it made its toilet in the morning.—*Philadelphia Times.*

JACK'S SCAR.

Almost every boy has some kind of a scar, Theodore has a scar upon his cheek, made by falling against the stove; Albert a scar on his foot, cut with a hatchet; Franklin a scar on his shoulder, where a horse named Lucy Lolly bit him; but Jack's scar is not like these. I heard about Jack's scar at the prayer-meeting last night, and a voice in my heart whispered 'Tell that story to all the boys you know.' Though, to be sure, Jack is not a little boy. He is a young man; a conductor on a railroad train. A great railroad has its headquarters in our town, so almost everybody is either at work for the railroad company himself, or else he has a father, or a brother, or a cousin who is.

Last week a conductor was killed—somebody is killed nearly every week. While Jack, with a group of his comrades, stood sadly talking about the conductor's death, one of their number—a Christian gentleman—remarked "There is hardly a man in the railroad service but has been in some way hurt—carries some scar." Whereupon Jack proudly replied that he had been in the employ of the railroad company for years, and he had never been hurt—he carried no scar; and to make his statement stronger, he used some very wicked words, for alas, alas! Jack had learned to swear.

The gentleman looked sorrowfully at the young man. He knew his history; knew that Jack had not been brought up to swear, but that he had kept company with profane boys and men until he had fallen into the habit almost unconsciously, scarcely knowing when he did swear. The comrade thought of all this, and then said earnestly "Jack, you do carry a scar." But Jack again asserted with an oath that he did not; he was very positive there was no scar upon him. "Ah, Jack, Jack!" answered the Christian friend, "you have a bad scar—in your mouth!"

And girls, too, sometimes have ugly scars. I know a lady who says she has a scar on her heart, made by listening to some bad stories one day, when she was a girl at school. Dear boys and girls, you may not be able to prevent the scars of accidents upon hands and faces, but I implore you to strive earnestly—all the time fervently seeking the help of the Saviour—to keep your mouths and hearts free from the scars of sin.—*Sunday School Times.*

IDLE WORDS.

O idle words!
Why will ye never die,
But float forever in the sky,
Dimming the stars that shine in memory,
Destroying hope and causing love from earth to flee,
Ill-omened birds.

O idle words!
Preying upon the heart,
Leaving with wounds a deadly smart;
Expiring breath that taints the very air,
Will ye forever leave your victims to despair?

O idle words!
How many are the tears
That ye have caused to flow; the fears
Ye have begot and made to mountains grow,
Crushing the innocent beneath a weight of woe,
Ill omened birds.

O idle words!
Your flight is ever on,
In heaven darkening the sun;
By weary journeying without delay,
To wend your dreary way unto the judgment day,
Ill-omened birds.

—*Every Other Saturday.*

LITTLE GRASS-SELLERS.

The Indians and negroes of warm countries carry heavy loads. They acquire great skill and strength in this way, and can support heavy burdens that a white man could hardly lift. Not only do they bear them upon their backs, but even upon their heads. I have had my trunks carried upon the heads of negroes, in the mountains of the West Indies, for many miles. As they practice this mode from the time they can walk, they balance almost any object upon their heads without holding it with the hands. Always, in going to market, they place the produce in a basket or a tray, on the top of their heads, and walk gayly along swinging their arms freely. Even a small thing, like an apple or an orange, they carry in this way, they have got so in the habit of it. This practice has given them strong necks and broad, straight shoulders.

The Indians though they can also carry great loads on their heads, yet prefer, as a rule, to carry them on their backs. In Mexico they take the load upon the shoulders and keep it in place with a broad cotton or leather band around the forehead. They will trot many a mile in this way, and never complain of being tired. I say they will trot; and so they do, for their gait is much faster than a walk.

South of the United States is a country called Yucatan. It pushes itself into the Gulf of Mexico, and lies near to Cuba. Here it was that I saw the men and women used as beasts of burden. Going along the country roads at night, I have met hundreds of them coming in to market. Some of them had walked forty miles. By leaving their homes at sunset, they would reach the marketplace in the city next day. They walked in the night, because the scorching sun by day was worse than a load. Not only men and women, but children, boys and girls, carry burdens. Some, not more than ten years old, would have their share to carry.

As little grain is raised there, and only corn is used for food, grass and hay for the cities must be brought from a great distance. The laborers who brought it looked, a little way off, like walking haystacks. You could only see the feet of some of them, the grass covered them so. Even the children brought great bundles. From under some of them sweet girl-faces would look out at me; from others, the faces of little boys, toddling along under as much as they could bear. Some had no clothing on above the waist; some wore simple cotton garments, and carried their hats, if they had any, in their hands. None of them had stockings, though some of them wore leathern sandals, tied on with rope.

Of course, with so much work to do, these boys and girls cannot have much time for school. They learn very little: but most of them can count, and many can read. The best thing about them is, they are honest, and always clean. Their skirts and frock are coarse, but white, and their manners are perfect. They seem to show by their behavior that they come from a great people. In truth, learned men tell us that the people of Yucatan were at one time the wisest in America. They built temples and palaces that now cover many acres with their ruins. No one knows when they were built, but they are great and grand.—*Anon.*

Pleasantries.

A number of Pennsylvania speculators, having a taste for high art, have been done in oil.

If you would be wealthy, get upon a mule: you will soon find you are better off.

Native: "Well, how do you like our town?" Stranger: "Very nice place. Just consider that there are twenty-two trains on which you can leave it daily."

Said the dentist: "No doubt
Without pain 'twill come out."
Said the man with a grin:
"That remark is tooth in."

"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the Colonel. "No," responded the Major, "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milkman works the pump-handle."

A Sunday-school teacher read to his class that the Ethiopian eunuch went on his way rejoicing after Philip had talked with him, and then asked, "Why did he rejoice?" A boy answered, "Because Philip was *done a teachin' him.*"

Prof. Merriman declares that in ten thousand years the ocean will roll two hundred feet deep over New York city. This should not alarm the New Yorkers, however. By that time apartment houses in New York, at the present rate of altitude, will be built five hundred feet high.—*Norristown Herald.*

"William, you have again come up unprepared!" "Yes, sir." "But from what cause?" "Laziness, sir." "Johnson, give William a good mark for uprightness." "Bates, you proceed." "I have not prepared, too sir." "But why not?" "From laziness, sir." "Johnson, give Bates a bad mark for plagiarism."

The Norwich (Conn.) *Bulletin* says of a widower of that place, who a short time ago married his seventh wife, that "he waived the customary tour and buckled down to his daily calling as if he had become convinced that life is too real and earnest in its sunset for any display of foolishness."

"Does your head ever swim, Mr. Snifkins?" asked little Tom Popinjay of his sister's beau. "Yes, Tommy, I suffer occasionally from dizziness," replied the slim. "I thought so," said Tommy. "Pa said he would pitch you into the horse pond, only your head would keep you from sinking."

A Washington letter says: "A lady was much surprised recently upon receiving notice from her dusky cook that she was about to leave her service in order to enter the holy state of matrimony. "Why," said she, "I did not even know you had an admirer." "Oh, yes'm fur some time." "Who is it, Mary?" "Don't you 'member, Miss Lizzie, that I 'tended a funel 'bout two weeks ago? It's the corpse's husband.'"

THE MESSENGER.

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WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1884.

EFFICACY OF THE WORD.

The tendency of the present age is to set down the slow growth of the Church to deficiencies in the ministers of the Word. We have no disposition to defend the want of fidelity and zeal of those ordained to preach the Gospel, but we think the Saviour attributed this seemingly poor success more to the state of the soil than to want of vitality in the seed. The parable of the sower with which He inaugurated His teaching on the subject illustrates this. Three parts of the seed failed, and only one part brought forth proper fruit. There seems to be a prodigality—almost a waste of grace predicted in this illustration of the Kingdom. And in other parables we find further embarrassments and hindrances set forth; but in all these descriptions except perhaps the one that tells us of the sowing of the tares by an enemy at night, the difficulty is placed in the heart of the hearer. Our Saviour's own preaching did not produce good results in all who heard it. The fault was not in the truth or in the way it was presented. The Divine Word has an inherent life and power which nothing but abnormal conditions lying on the human side can defeat. According to St. Paul, when Christ was preached even through "contention," men heard of Him, and were blessed by the knowledge brought to them. If only He is presented to the world even "in weakness," the Spirit of God will make the Gospel quick and powerful.

It would be well for men to think of this when they go to Church with unprepared hearts, or allow the cares of the world to choke the seed. No human eloquence would alter results for them.

THE FRANCO-CHINESE WAR.

Contradictory reports come from the seat of war between the French and the Chinese. One says that the Celestials had succeeded in massing 80,000 troops in the vicinity of Foo-Chow; and had invaded Tonquin with this large force and annihilated the French. On the other hand Admiral Courbet's report of the battle, boasts of a great victory at Foo-Chow with a loss of but six killed and twenty-seven wounded. The later reports seem to be correct. The Chinese forts and arsenals have been demolished, although it may be difficult for the French to penetrate the interior of the country.

The other European powers are disposed to protest against the entire war on mere commercial grounds. They are debating the advisability of presenting a memorial to Earl Granville, English Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to co-operate with Germany and America in representing to France the serious injury that would be inflicted upon trade by interfering with the Chinese treaty ports. It appears, however, that the French are not in a temper to hear much from the English. The protest against the bombardment of Foo-Chow, is met by reminding the British of what they did at Alexandria in Egypt.

Independent of the devastating and demoralizing effects of war upon commercial interests, it is sad to think that Christian missions may receive a backset from the present strife. The past history of the Chinese shows that such conflicts embitter them against all foreigners, and this may endanger the very lives of those who have carried the Gospel to them.

Since writing the above, we see it stated by the *Independent* that the Catholic missions of Tonquin have been ruined and several priests massacred. In addition to this our contemporary says: "In Southern Cochin-China, also, there was terrible persecution and suffering. In Cao-hai, where the Christians had paid large sums of money to save their lives and goods, there was a remorseless massacre. The fury of the persecutors went so far as to murder the babies in their mothers' arms. 'If we let these creatures live,' they exclaimed, 'they will propagate the race, and we shall not be better off than we were before. Let us massacre them all, down to the youngest.' Some of the more humane Pagans concealed women and children and saved their lives. In most cases the Christians, among whom were tender young girls, went to their death not only with resignation but with rejoicing."

The death of Mary Clemmer was announced last week. She was a woman of remarkable talent, and has been known to the public for many years through her able and interesting "Letters from Washington" to the *Independent*.

The greatest attraction in Philadelphia at this time is the International Electrical Exhibition, which opened on the 2d inst., and will continue until Oct. 11th. It is bringing a great many eminent scientists to the city from all parts of the world, and the exhibit is without doubt the finest ever made. Every purpose to which electricity has been put is practically illustrated, and things beautiful as well as useful, charm the visitor. The electrical fountain is described as a marvel in its way.

A contemporary speaks of the inadvisability of publishing detailed accounts of persons suffering under hydrophia, on the ground that such descriptions excite the imagination of every one bitten by a dog whether rabid or not. It seems to us that the same caution should be exercised in other matters. The minute accounts given of crimes committed are demoralizing, because they so familiarize the mind with vice as to take away its horrors. Under such influences, even the spirit of suicide may become epidemic.

A few pledges for the Chapel in Japan continue to come in. The fact that the sum mentioned as sufficient to put up the building has been raised, should not stop the contributions. We will need other buildings for educational purposes, and our people should supply the funds without delay. The Board of Foreign Missions will meet in a few days, and we hope to receive some official statement as to what will be required. We think if all our wants are placed squarely before the Church the money will be forthcoming.

Making the inhabitants of a Western village drunk, is called "painting the town red," and a saloon-keeper advertises his wares as "Artists' Materials." The Chicago *Inter Ocean* says: "A number of Milwaukee liquor-dealers think to evade the prohibitory law of that State by having blank prayer-books made, with the title in raised letters on the cover—to all appearance prayer-books, but in reality boxes. They are to be just large enough to admit a glass bottle."

All this shows the devices to which men will resort to evade a law; but it is no argument against proper legislation.

Dr. Schaff has written an interesting letter to the *Independent* on his visit to Norway. He speaks of the country as the Switzerland of the North. It abounds as is well known in mountains, lakes, waterfalls, islands and fjords without number and must present scenery of unsurpassed beauty and grandeur. The history of the Old Vikings who discovered Iceland five hundred years before Columbus came to America is full of interest. Dr. Schaff's impression of the piety of the Norwegians, is more favorable than that of many, who represent them as given entirely to formalism through the influence of the State Church. The religion is prevailingly Lutheran of course, although there seem to be different types of it there as well as here.

Monsignor Capel achieved some reputation before coming to this country as a prelate who won rich people to the Roman Catholic faith. According to Mr. Labouchere he has been quite successful in that regard on this side of the Atlantic, his converts amounting to £1,600,000 in N. York alone. That is a singular way to estimate things, but we doubt whether the monied value of the converts would reach the high figures given.

By the way, the Monsignor seems to have changed his opinion in regard to public schools in the United States. He has at least found it impolitic to boast of what he intended to do in the matter. We have not heard the "click of that trigger" that was to fire the destructive charge at them. He now says that his church is the great patron of education, and the *Advance* asks this question: "Will he kindly inform us why it is that Spain, so long the most intensely Romish nation in the world, with a population of 16,333,279 has, as just reported to the Bureau of Education, 11,978,163 persons who can neither read nor write?"

As we expected the *Kirchenzeiting* has replied to the statements of one of our correspondents who spoke incidentally some weeks ago of the prejudice of language which he thought embarassed the work of our Orphan Homes. We allowed another correspondent to have his say on the subject in our own columns a week later although he seemed to reflect upon our want of editorial vigilance in admitting the former communication. It should be noted however that he made some comments upon "Guy A. Staves'" article when it was published in which we said his ideas on the subject were exaggerated.

He still thinks that he had grounds for his assertions, but hopes that there is a changed condition of affairs and has no desire to continue a discussion which may end in a controversy. So mote it be.

During the last ten days Philadelphia has lost a number of her most prominent citizens by death. Among these were Edwin M. Lewis, Col. Charles S. Smith, Washington J. Jackson, James L. Claghorn and Henry M. Phillips. They all occupied positions of trust, and were depended upon when public interests were at stake. Mr. Claghorn was a distinguished patron of the fine arts and did much for their promotion in this city.

CHAUTAUQUA.

The Chautauqua Assembly has in the estimation of its friends proven a grand success this year. There has been great variety not only in the subjects presented, but in the manner of the teaching. In the school of theology, with three hundred and nine students in the various departments, there have been not only learned lectures on Hebrew and Greek Exegesis, but a series of kindergarten exercises, in which the "rudimental elements of New Testament Greek" have been taught during the Children's Hour. The effort was made to give the three hundred children the pronunciation of the alphabet by means of cards, rhymes, calisthenic exercises, chants and the blackboard. A certain number of the youngsters were made to figure every day with a large Greek letter on the breast, and then combinations of these made up words and animated sentences. Games have been published, one of which embraces one hundred words of the Greek text, with a key to their pronunciation and meaning. It is claimed that this has interested the children as much as any other play, and that the instruction is not ephemeral.

In addition to the course of Platform Lectures upon popular themes connected with the Revised New Testament, and the relations of the New Testament Greek to the future of the English language, the following subjects were discussed:

1. Flesh; 2. Spirit; 3. Conscience; 4. Guilt; 5. Wrath; 6. Death; 7. Grace; 8. Love; 9. Atonement; 10. Blood; 11. Life; 12 Regeneration; 13. Holiness; 14. Righteousness; 15. Resurrection; 16. Paraclete; 17. Inspiration; 18. Temptation; 19. Faith; 20. Hope.

The departments were conducted as follows: "*Practical Theology.*—Lectures by President John H. Vincent, D. D. *New Testament Greek.*—Class Work and Lectures, by Dean Alfred A. Wright. *Hebrew.*—Class Work and Lectures, by Dean William R. Harper. *Doctrinal Theology.* Six Lectures, by Dean Alfred A. Wright. *Literature and Art.*—Six Lectures by Registrar Edward L. Hyde.

Whether all the methods employed are the best or not, or whether there is any guarantee for correct teaching or not, it is certain that the school is very popular and is destined to exercise a vast influence on the religious thought and life of the country. Where there is a want there will be a supply, and unless ministers are furnished by the seminaries of the Churches, the future preachers will come from institutions like Chautauqua.

All the comments we have seen upon the school this year have been favorable. The enthusiasm that pervades the work seems to lay hold of nearly all who attend, even as visitors, and every one sees some good in the proceedings. A correspondent of the *Churchman* rejoices in the influence the "Assembly" is exerting "in educating people accustomed to the bare baldness of Presbyterian worship, and the uncouth extemporaneousness of Methodist devotion, up to a growing appreciation of due reverence and liturgical forms in public worship." This remark is based upon the fact that the undenominational assembly, uses the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, Gloria Patri, Te Deum and responsive readings of the Scriptures, etc., in the public service. The ungraciousness of the correspondent of the *Churchman* whose language we have quoted above, shows itself in the presumption that all these forms are the exclusive property of the Church of England rather than the heritage of all of God's people. The correspondent is horrified to find portions of the Communion Service of the Book of Common Prayer, torn from their connection and used separately or in other combinations. He has a "feeling of pain as if he were to hear the songs of Zion in a strange land, sung by strange tongues and under unwonted, inappropriate circumstances." He seems to forget that some of these forms existed long before they were put into any such combination as he speaks of, and that it is simply ridiculous for him or any one else to lay sole claim to them. He might as well try to copyright the Bible. The Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists and others will use them at Chautauqua or any where else without asking any one's permission, or feeling that they have stolen or mutilated anything.

DISCONTENT.

One of the black demons that greatly troubles weary mortals is the spirit of discontent. We are often dissatisfied with what our friends and neighbors do. They don't manage their affairs to suit us. How ungrateful of them when we go to the trouble to take such a lively interest in what does not specially concern us! Especially is the public business conducted by those who have charge of it, in a way which we cannot approve. If this were not the case the occupation of a large number of the newspapers of the country would be gone. In church and state there is always somebody doing wrong. O, if *we* were only in places of public trust, how much better we could do! Don't we often feel just that way? There are reasons why we can't approve of what others do.

1. There is infinite variety in the human race. In fact this is true the world over. The earth's surface is not a single level plane, but there is a succession of hill and highland and valley and wood and cultivated field and dry-land and water. And really, the greater the irregularity with which these features succeed each other, the higher the pleasure they confer upon us. In our friends and neighbors there is a similar variety. They differ in appearance, in character, in their way of reasoning, in their way of looking at things, in their judgments, in their manner of doing their work, in their methods of performing the business entrusted to them. And is it not well that this is so? What a flat, featureless, tasteless affair society would be if all persons were alike. It would be like a tune played on one key; if indeed that could be called a tune at all.

2. Besides these natural differences, however, our friends and neighbors are frequently wrong in judgment and in their acts. All men are imperfect in many or all respects, and therefore those with whom we come in contact must be so also. On this account they have many wrong notions and opinions and practices. They do not understand as they ought, and they do not even always act out their convictions. There is selfishness where we have a right to look for patriotism. Men are narrow-minded. They don't act for the best interests of all. Some can't do so, apparently. They can't reach the sublime heights where we eagerly look for them. Others are consciously bad, and do wrong from unworthy motives. Of course we are dissatisfied. We cannot countenance those who act wrongly.

3. But then, on the other hand, we may be wrong ourselves. If it is true that all men in this world of limitations are imperfect, we must be so also. In some cases where we are displeased with what others do, the fault is undoubtedly ours. They are right and we are wrong. Or at least we are as far wrong as they are. The trouble is we set up a standard, or lay down a rule of our own. It is probably not absolutely the best standard or rule; and yet we want men to come up to that standard, to conform to that rule. Is not this asking a great deal more than we have a right to ask?

Three things then seem to lie at the root of our dissatisfaction with others. (1.) The natural constitutional differences between men. But we don't want to change that and have all men alike. An old farmer said to his neighbor: "It is a good thing that men don't all think alike, for if they did, all would have wanted my wife." The reply was: "If they all thought as I did, no one would have wanted her." In either case the result would have been bad. (2.) The fact that others are wrong. But we can't change that, much as we might desire to. We had better then take it patiently. Shakspeare says: "Things without remedy should be without regard." (3.) That we ourselves are wrong. That we can alter, at least to a large extent, if we take the right plan. And if we employ ourselves earnestly in bringing about a change here we will have little time to indulge in discontent and dissatisfaction with others.

And then we profess to believe that in God's balance everything is weighed. A time is coming when whatever is wrong will be made right, the crooked will be made straight and the rough places plain. Harmony will pervade our infinite variety and all men's imperfections will be put away. That which is perfect will come in due time. Does it not seem that there is really no good reason why the demon discontent should be entertained? And are there not several reasons why he should be banished?

L.

CHAPEL IN JAPAN.

Additional pledges of $10 each: First Ref. S. S. Lebanon, Pa., Rev. Dr. F. W. Kremer, pastor; Ref. S. S. Bellefonte, Pa., Rev. J. F. De Long, pastor; St. John's Ref. S. S. McKnightstown, Adams Co., Pa., Rev. H. H. Sangree, pastor.

NOTES AND QUOTES.

Speaking of Church papers and the work of editing them, the *Interior* says:

"The time has gone by when religious journalism can be taken up as a pastor's knitting work, or as a refuge from pulpit incompetency. It will have hereafter the choicest talent, and that talent specially trained. Competition, and the demands of public taste and culture, will reject any merits less than these. We take pride in the profession and rejoice in its prospects, and are most happy to see that the rising stars are to be brighter, serener, and more delightful than those which, with ours, are growing dim on the western horizon."

The Burlington *Free Press* says: "Lots of dude trousers, left over from last season, are being chopped up into proper length for glove fingers. The tailors of this country don't believe in wasting anything."

According to the Waterbury *American* "fancy bazaars, gotten up by fashionable ladies, have invaded Japan, too. They are for a charitable hospital for poor women, and, just as if they were in London instead of Tokio, princesses and ladies of high rank preside at the various tables."

Among Our Exchanges.

We clip this from the New York Evangelist:

"A business note to this office, dated Aug. 5th, thus concludes: 'Do you ever come this way in your vacations? or don't you have any? or are you afraid you will leave the Lord behind you, as many do when they forsake all and go to mountain or seaside?' We had a little sample of the latter experience when a little child spoke out her thought of the conditions as they appeared to her, at the table where my family were dining. She had evidently noticed the change in her surroundings, and the general looseness, when she suddenly exclaimed to her mother—"It is real nice, mamma, isn't it, being at the seashore? You don't have to say prayers, nor 'please, mamma,' nor 'thank you,' nor anything.'"

And this from the Baptist Weekly:

"If in vacation many pastors could spend all their Sundays as 'dear hearers,' it would be salutary. For instance, take the hymns. How impatient many a pastor would be to hear a long hymn he knows by heart read from beginning to end, yet he never thinks of its wearisomeness when he is the reader.

"Then, if a pastor serves awhile as a 'dear hearer,' he will want more life thrown into the reading of the Scriptures, and he will note how little there is in general of attractiveness in this part of the service.

"Then the prayers! Of course he won't criticise this part of the service. Sometimes he will wonder at what men do pray for, the news they communicate to the Lord, and the jeremiads they indulge in. At other times he will note the omissions of the prayers, the utter disregard of apostolic teaching as to things to be prayed for.

"There is, for instance, the direction 'I exhort, therefore, that first of all supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men, for kings and for all that are in authority,' and yet there are 'dear hearers' that never heard their pastor offer a prayer for President, Governors, Judges, or legislators. Perhaps sometimes the novel 'dear hearer' will lift up his eyes in prayer-time and notice the action of his brother in the pulpit. He will be astonished to see how the man's head is kept in perpetual motion or his arms in exercise, or perhaps his hands in his pocket. In fact, the ungainly actions of other men in the pulpit may be a lesson to him throughout the service.

"There is infinite variety in sermons, but a 'dear hearer' soon finds how trite and common-

place the majority of discourses are. He is surprised at the lack of freshness, wonders why such hackneyed illustrations are introduced, and does not wonder that the discourse produced so little impression.

"This much is certain. After being a 'dear hearer' for awhile, a pastor will be more considerate to his people. He will scarcely wonder that they sometimes seem ready to yawn under his ministrations, and he may be led to effort to make the services of the sanctuary more interesting, spiritual, and elevating, and to put more hard work on his sermons so as to bring forth more that shall arrest the attention and benefit his 'dear hearers.'"

From the *Churchman:*

"The session of the Concord School of Philosophy this year has left its mark upon the intellectual and religious life of the country in a debate upon immortality which has been as remarkable in its direction as it has been brilliant and notable in the men engaged upon it. It was conducted upon a philosophical basis, and opened by Dr. Peabody, who presented the old arguments of probability supplemented by the appeal to the resurrection of Christ. Mr. John Fiske, known as the ablest exponent of Mr. Herbert Spencer's system of evolution, then gave his ideas of the way in which the belief in immortality is reached through the development theory. Then the Rev. Dr. Holland, rector of Trinity Church, New Orleans, gave a brilliant argument for immortality as grounded upon the nature of man as a part of the absolute being of God. Then Mr. Davidson, a well-known agnostic, showed how man's individual nature is immortal at the expense of the existence of God. And Dr. Harris, who is the head of the school, concluded the arguments by a statement of the reasons for immortality which exist in psychology, and left the discussion with the strongest possible statement of the fact of immortality as a part of man's existence. The debate was carried on by experts with the single desire to realize the truth, and appears to have been of the highest and best sort. The argument from Christianity was not ignored, but was for the time being held subordinate to the truths of reason. Such a discussion must do much good both directly and indirectly. It will increase the beliefs of those who heard it, and it will lead many others to think the matter over and strengthen their own convictions. It is an excellent sign of the times that the only philosophical school in the country ends its work for the year by a discussion of this character."

This is from the same paper:

"The worldly principle of *quid pro quo*, which has got possession of Church finance, is a most vicious one. Everything has come to be measured by a money value, and everybody expects to 'get his money's worth.' This is at the bottom of the pew system, of fairs, shows, grab-bags, oyster suppers, and the whole category. A preacher is estimated according to his money value. St. Simon Magus seems to have become the patron of pretty much the whole business. The consequence is that the Gospel principle of giving, not because God needs the gifts, but because men need to give, is almost lost sight of. Men buy their religion as they buy their coats, in the cheapest market, and expect a return in some way for the investment. The world has invaded and overcome the Church. This secular devil needs sorely to be exorcised."

Communications.

I look forward weekly with delight, and am gratified with the perusal of the articles in the MESSENGER with reference to the missionary work, and especially to the hearty and quick response of the Sabbath-schools, together with some individuals in pledging ten dollars each for the erection of a chapel in Japan. I can heartily second the suggestion of the MESSENGER that each Sabbath school and many individuals send in ten dollars each as a subscription to a Missionary Fund, to be used for Home or Foreign Missions, as the necessities of the case would require, which would give our Missionary Board a fund sufficient to enter upon and occupy such important places, east and west, north and south, as are now calling loudly, "Come over and help us." Let the people furnish the means, and there is no doubt the Master will call those whom He would have to labor in His vineyard, and while those in authority are discussing the way that those who are called should be prepared for the work, and while they are being prepared, let us raise the means for their education, and at the same time furnish the means to our Board to send out into our Southern and Western States, the missionary so much needed to occupy and possess the land.

Sad experience has taught us how much we have lost as a denomination in our delay in occupying the ground, and how expensive some missions have become, and how hard to build up after others have taken up the chief places. Let us take Roanoke, in Virginia, as an example, and is it not a mockery in our prayer when we pray, Thy kingdom come, and yet refuse to give a helping hand when the command meets us every day, yea, every moment, Go work in my vineyard to-day? Could we not send out earnest, zealous working Christians, to take up the good and important points, and hold them as missionaries until the regularly educated ones can follow. The harvest truly is great and the laborers few. Yours in Christ,

WM. H. SCHALL.

Genesee, Livingston Co., N. Y.,
August 24, 1884.

SERMON AND SERVICE.

The writer does not desire to engage in a controversy with the learned editors of the *Christian World*. He feels himself sufficiently honored by the fact that his former article called forth their criticism, even though adverse. For this, all thanks. But as one good turn deserves another, he now proposes to call attention to a few points concerning which he seems to have been (of course, not intentionally,) misunderstood.

1. The writer did not or does not disparage the regular preaching of the Gospel. Yet his critics "would infer that the sermon should be a little, insignificant, fifteen minute essay." Now what he did and does maintain was simply this—that in so far as the public worship of God in the name of Christ is concerned prayer and praise are the only essential, and, therefore, the only indispensable factors. If his critics will kindly, for the sake of argument, distinguish between *preaching* on the one hand and *worship* on the other, there will no longer be any issue between them. There may be edifying preaching without any worship, and seemly, profitable worship without any preaching. Let there be sermon upon sermon, exhortation upon exhortation, every day of the week, if you please, including Sunday. But let no one forget that at least once upon every Lord's day, every Christian congregation ought to engage publicly and unitedly in the worship of the Triune Jehovah, such worship being then and there the PRIMARY object of their thus going up to the house of the Lord.

Let our ministers be diligent in the work of preaching, in season and out of season. But at the same time let not our people forget or despise the privilege of worshipping God in the beauty of holiness. Let them both sing and pray with the spirit and with the understanding. (1 Cor. xiv. 15)

E. A. G.

"The active participation of the more or less determined forms of prayer and praise" spoken of will be settled historically without further discussion. That seems to be the conclusion of men of all shades of opinion in our Church.

A SUCCESSFUL BIBLE

Being in Harrisburg, Penn., a short time ago, I greatly enjoyed a visit to to the well known Salem Bible class. Deeming that it may prove interesting to the friends of Scripture study to know something of its history and methods, I give this short sketch.

Like many other great enterprises for good, its beginning was small. With only twelve members it commenced in the year 1870. Its first meeting was one of earnest prayer for the presence and guidance of the Holy Spirit. From that day until this, for fourteen years, it has constantly increased in numbers and usefulness. Seven hundred and seventy-six persons have been enrolled as members; at present there is a net membership of two hundred and sixty. Salem Bible class was founded by, and has continued under the leadership of Rudolph Kelker, Esq., "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." He comes from Bible loving stock: his ancestors were brought up and baptized in the church where Zwingli preached Bible truth three hundred years ago.

Mr. Kelker's method is simple. Having great reverence and deep love for God's word, he studies it diligently with the best helps, and jots down in a note-book any striking illustration or precious truth found in his reading or meditations. At the proper time they are brought out during the recitation. Great freedom and sociability exist between the teacher and the class, and a free interchange of opinion is given on the various questions suggested by the lesson.

This class is conducted on the union plan, having members from all denominations. Its sessions are held in the Assembly-room of the Young Men's Christian Association, and meets at the same hour when all the Sunday-schools in the city are in session, all of whom have large and flourishing Bible classes connected with them. The class motto is, "OUR WHOLE CLASS FOR JESUS." Many have here been made wise unto salvation and turned by repentance and faith unto God. Many have here caught the enthusiasm for religious work, and have become workmen that need not be ashamed. One member, who was converted here, although being lame, walked a mile and a half every Sabbath to the outskirts of the city and started a Bible class of his own, which soon numbered one hundred and fifty members.

Many members have removed to the Western States and territories, and there have become active laborers in the Master's vineyard. A class reunion is held every December. Prayer meetings are held every week at the homes of the various members. The singing under the direction of Harvey Phelps, Esq., was remarkably good. Strangers are cordially welcomed. It was truly a glad sight in times like these when infidels would have us believe that the Scriptures are entirely antiquated, to see two hundred and sixty men and women in the capital city of the Keystone State meet to study earnestly and prayerfully the blessed Book.

A thought suggested itself to my mind, Why ample be copied? There is not a city nor a town in the land but should have a Bible class like this. One reason why the gospel makes slow progress at home is because one-half of the talent and intellect of the Church is doing nothing for the Master. Opportunities are abundant. Intelligent, useful Christians can only be made by searching the oracles of God. The Book is ever attractive, interesting and instructive to those who study it. May this narrative encourage some to engage in teaching the inspired Word.

VIATOR, in *Christian Observer*.

CATAWBA COLLEGE, NEWTON, N. C.

This institution, with its history and usefulness, deserves the attention and encouragement of the church. It has particular claims upon the section in which it is located. With a desire to meet the necessities of the church in North Carolina, and also to give it that prominence and character it should have, it is proposed to endow it, and give it a corps of instructors that will put it on the plane of a regular college, and with a full college curriculum. Its fall session has opened with encouraging numbers—the number of students thus far exceeding one hundred. The institution is well located and has sufficient accommodations for a large number of students. Its corps of instructors at present is composed of the following:—Rev. Dr. J. C. Clapp, principal; Rev. J. A. Foil, A. M., assistant principal and professor of Greek and Higher Mathematics; Professor Herbert Ward, A. B., a son of Rev. Dr. Ward, editor of "The Independent," a specialist in Mineralogy, Elocution, etc.; Miss Annie Sorber, vocal and instrumental music, and Miss Lizzie Lindsay, in charge of the primary department.

ST. PAUL'S CLASSIS.

The above Classis met in special session at the call of the president, Rev. Dr. J. H. Apple, Aug. 7th, 1884, in the study of Elder C. M. Boush, Esq., Meadville, Pa.

The call contained two items. The first item was to dissolve the pastoral relation between Rev. F. B. Hahn and the Greenville charge, and to dismiss him to the Westmoreland Classis. Upon this item the following action was taken:

Resolved, That the request of the pastor and consistory of the Greenville charge be granted, and that the pastoral relation be dissolved, to go into effect September 15th, 1884.

Resolved, Further, That we bear testimony to the self-denial, zeal and earnestness of Rev. F. B. Hahn, and that it is with great reluctance and sorrow that we part with him from our midst.

Resolved, That the Rev. F. B. Hahn is hereby dismissed to the Westmoreland Classis, and that after September 15th, 1884, he be furnished with the proper papers.

The other item was to receive and act upon any petitions from the Shenango charge or from the New Shenango charge.

A petition from a portion of the New and one from the Old Shenango charge were received. These petitions requested Classis to reconsider its former action with reference to the reconstruction of the Shenango and Greenville charges.

A motion to reconsider said action was taken, but it was not carried.

Rev. F. Pilgram then gave notice of appeal to Synod.

After the election of Stated Clerk, the Classis adjourned.

J. W. PONTIUS, Stated Clerk.

Cochranton, Pa., Aug. 25, 1884.

PROGRAMME OF THE WORLD'S CONFERENCE OF THE Y. M. C. A.

HEIDELBERG, August 15, 1884.

Dear Bro. Davis—The following item may be of use to you as the programme of the World's Conference of Young Men's Christian Association, to which I am a delegate from the Philadelphia Association.

Wednesday, Aug. 20, 6 P. M. Public Worship at the Cathedral, sermon by Rev. F. Quandt. 8 P. M. At the City Mission House. Opening Meeting, Address by the President of the Berlin Committee, Count A. Bernstoff; election of officers.

Thursday, Aug. 21, 8.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting at the Hall of the Evangelical Society. 9 A. M. Administrative statements of Central International Committee, followed by reports from representatives of different Associations. 11.45 A. M. Report of Work in America. 1.30 P. M. Dinner together. 8 P. M. Public Meeting; Importance of the Associations, (1) to the Family, Court Chaplain Frommel; (2) to the State, Court Chaplain Stocker; (3) to the Church, Rev. C. Wagner, Sydenham: (4) and for the advancement of God's kingdom on earth, Baron Oertzen, Hamburg.

Friday, Aug. 22, 8.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting. 9 A. M. Report of Commission appointed to inquire into the administration of the Central International Committee. 10 A. M. How to win certain sections of our youth who have hitherto furnished but few adherents to our cause, (1) Mr. Van Oostwyck-Bruyn, Zeist, Holland, (2) Mr. Patow, London, (3) an Italian delegate. 11.30 A. M. The best means of spreading amongst young men a deeper knowledge of the great doctrines of salvation, (1) Mr. Charles Sheriffs, Aberdeen, (2) Rev. O. F. Ranke, Potsdam, (3) Rev. J. C. Reesse, Leersum, Holland.

Saturday, Aug. 23, 8.30 A. M. Prayer Meeting. 9 A. M. The necessity, to the members of the Associations, of a real conversion to God, (1) a Belgian delegate, (2) Rev. Dworkowicz, Warsaw, (3) Rev. W. H. Wernett, Manchester. 10.30 A. M. The spiritual cure of our adherents, (1) Rev. C. Krummacher, Elberfeldt, (2) an Australian delegate, (3) Mr. Eidenbenz, Zurich. Noon. Prayer and Work in the Association, (1) a French delegate, (2) an American delegate, (3) Rev. Schonsboo, Copenhagen. 1.30 P. M. Dinner in common. 3 to 5 P. M. Consultation Meeting; What attitude the Association ought to take toward the societies having for their object the suppression (1) of Immorality, a Scotch delegate, (2) of Intemperance, Rev. Rochet, Geneva. 8 P. M. Various meetings for young men at six different places.

Sunday, Aug. 24, 10 A. M. Special divine service at the Chapel. Sermon by Rev. P. Bockmuhl, of Juchen, Rhenish Prussia. At the close of the service there will be a celebration of the Lord's Supper for those who wish to take part. There will also be a French service at the French church at 10—Sermon by Prof. Barde, Geneva; and English services at the English chapel, Rev. C. Earee; and at the American chapel, Prof. Stuckenberg. 5 P. M. Farewell Meeting.

J. I. G.

Church News.

☞ Stated Clerks of Classes and Pastors will oblige us by sending such Items of News as will be of Interest to the Church.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Pennsylvania.

New Schaefferstown Corner Stone Reformed and Lutheran was laid with appropriate exercises on the 24th inst. The discourse in the morning was preached by Rev. Finfrock of the Lutheran church, assisted by Revs. Eli Hiester and Aaron Leisse. The afternoon's discourse was preached by Rev. L. D. Stambaugh, assisted by Revs. J. Johnson Long of the Lutheran church, and T. C. Leinbach. An immense throng of people were present—it was estimated at three thousand. The collection was over $200. The structure will be a two-story brick—basement and audience room.

L. D. S.

Zionsville.—At the harvest home services in the Zionsville charge of Rev. Eli Keller, the offerings amounted to $167.32. The charge consists of four congregations, and is scattered over three counties, although located contiguously, namely, Lehigh, Berks and Montgomery. These services were all held on week days, as is customary in that part of the country. The busy farmers spare a day to go to church and thank the good Lord for the bountiful harvest, and this they do not with empty hands. Besides the above sum, the Zionville congregation has a missionary society which meets monthly and contributes upwards of $100 a year to the cause of God. It is a cheering fact that in this whole charge the spirit of liberality is constantly on the increase.

Font.—Interesting harvest home services were held in this field on the 17th inst. at St. Paul's, and on the 24th at St. Matthew's churches—Rev. E. D. Wettach, pastor.

At St. Matthew's the church was beautifully decorated with large stacks of corn and with sheaves of the finest of wheat. On the altar table was a nicely arranged pyramid of summer fruits, with cones of garden vegetables on either side of the pulpit—a cross of summer grasses showed itself meekly amid the rich display of fruits and vegetables, while the beauty of all was heightened with bouquets of sweet-scented and delicate flowers.

The harvest thank offerings for home missions amounted to $40.

Clarion Collegiate Institute, Rimersburg.—Rev. W. W. Deatrick, A. M., principal. This institution began its twenty seventh year on Tuesday, August 19th. At ten o'clock, the hour for assembling in the chapel, an address was delivered to the students by Rev. J. F. Wiant, of Monroe, Pa., a member of the Board of Trustees. A second address, full of earnest and valuable advice, was made by Rev. Daniel Wolf, County Superintendent of Public Schools of Centre county, Pa., who was present on the occasion.

Forty students are already enrolled (no primaries) and the prospect for further accessions is gratifying. The repairs already made are extensive, and when completed, will render the building both comfortable and attractive.

The facilities which the Institute now offers to pupils in instrumental music are all that can be desired. The new "Robbins' System" has proved both successful and popular, and if more music pupils apply for instruction, it will be necessary for additional teaching force to be engaged.

Indiana.

Installation and Mission Festival.—Pastor S. Keller was installed on the 2d of Aug. as pastor of the First Reformed church, Indianapolis. On the following day appropriate services were held, both in Sunday-school and congregation. The offerings in both were very encouraging, indicating the practical life and faith of the people.

Michigan.

Port Hope.—The corner-stone of a Reformed church was laid in this place. It is a mission, under the care of Rev. C. Delorme. The prospects for a self-sustaining congregation are, to a great extent, connected with the building of this church without any indebtedness to harass the little flock in the future. May the Lord open liberal hearts and hands to this end.

Personal.

Rev. G. W. Snyder is spending his vacation with his father, Jeffersonville, Montgomery Co., Pa.

Rev. H. F. Seiple of Lansdale, has resigned the pastorate of Hilltown charge. Rev. M. S. Rowland is supplying the Lansdale congregation at present.

Clerical Register.

The P. O. address of Rev. S. M. Roeder is Elizabethtown, instead of Centre Hall, Pa.

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Miscellaneous.

THEKLA'S SONG.

From the German of Schiller.

The oak woods are sighing, the storm-clouds are flying,
Sad wanders the maiden along the green shore;
The wild waves are flashing, the billows are dashing
Midst the darkness of night and ocean's hoarse roar;
She singeth aloud 'neath the storm and the cloud
Her beautiful eyes are with tears streaming o'er:

"My doom has been spoken; my sad heart is broken;
In this world there's nothing to wish for but rest.
O Saviour above, in Thy infinite love,
Call back Thy poor child to the realm of the blest;
The height of all bliss I have tasted in this,—
I have lived and loved; take me back to Thy breast."

—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Selections.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark; no more can reason, however refined and cultivated, shine efficaciously but as it reflects the light of divine truth shed from heaven.

The doctrines of the gospel are old but full of motion, full of energy, as the river is full of movements—full of life giving power, as the sunlight and the vital air. They are the doctrines out of which the missionary work sprang.

If there's a right thing to be done, and we seem to pass through a wrong thing on our way to it, depend upon it there's another way to it, and a better one, and it is our own fault, and not God's, that we do not find it.—*Edward Garnett.*

Let him who would envy John the pleasing task of being a support to the mother of Jesus, reflect on a previous expression of our Lord's: "Whoever shall do the will of my Father which is in heaven, the same is my brother and sister and mother."—*Krummacher.*

The colored sunset and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common unpoetic life.—*Frederick W. Faber.*

Oh, light and peace at eventide,
According to Thy word!
Through all the years mine eyes have seen
Thy great salvation, Lord.

Thou by the way hast walked with me;
I joy that Thou hast known
My weakness,—as my zeal for Thee,
And still dost lead me on.

What though these lesser powers may fail
The soul is upward drawn;
I feel the pure light on my brow
Of that celestial dawn.

Thy kingdom come! Life's prayer is heard;
The harvest fields are white;
Sower and reaper now rejoice,—
At eventide 'tis light.

Personal.

The future Queen of the Netherlands will be the richest woman in Europe. She will be heiress to the immense possessions of her father, the present King, and already possesses over $4,000,000, left her by her late brother.

Leo XIII has physically deteriorated in consequence of his long Vatican imprisonment. Prior to his election his life was an out-of door one at Perugia, and he was fond of hunting and roaming about the country, which is mountainous and healthy.

Prof. T. H Robinson delivered his inaugural address at the closing exercises of the Presbyterian Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, Pa., in the spring, but did not remove from Harrisburg. He has, however, now closed his pastoral labors in Market Square church, and will enter upon his full work as Professor at the reopening of the seminary.

Florence Nightingale, whose name for almost a generation has been a household word throughout the civilized world because of her self sacrificing service among the sick and wounded soldiers of the British army in the Crimea, has turned to account her practical knowledge of contagious diseases by sending from Paris to this country some sound sense about the cholera. She understands that dreaded visitor, having sat up with him many a night, and she has a profound and rational faith in the power of sanitary science to keep him at a distance. The observations of Mr. Harold Frederic, recently editor of the Albany Evening Journal, in the slums of Marseilles and Toulon, tally well with those of Miss Nightingale. Mr. Frederic has honorably distinguished himself by his valuable investigations in those ill-fated districts.

Science and Art.

The fibre of cotton is a flat cylinder thickened at the edges and twisted into a spiral. The better the fibre the more perfect is the spiral.

Telegraphic signals have now been sent through 7,000 miles of wire, and at a speed of twelve words a minute. Direct messages were sent from London to Calcutta.

It is said that the wings of the common fly vibrate at the rate of three hundred and thirty strokes per second, and those of the mosquito about two thousand times.

In Germany, treats have been made in the use of dynamite for pile driving, with promising results. An iron plate five inches thick was placed upon the top of the pile, and upon it a pound and a half charge of dynamite was exploded by electricity. It was driven into the mud as far as it would have been by a weight of three thousand two hundred and fifty-nine pounds falling up it five times from a height of ten feet.

The great Electrical Exhibition opened on the 2d inst., in this city, bids fair to excel anything of the kind ever presented to the public. There will be in all about 300 exhibitors, and over 1500 exhibits, but this statement alone conveys no adequate idea of the interesting things to be seen in a visit to the exhibition. The following synopsis, written by a member of the Franklin Institute, shows as briefly as may be the classes of exhibits to be made: "In the schedule prepared there are five classes of apparatus for the production of electricity. Electric conductors alone require seven classes, and each of these classes will have many exhibits. The most delicate and beautiful apparatus for making measurements of electricity and its different properties will be shown under four classes. The practical application of electricity covers two sections, one embracing apparatus requiring electric currents of low power, and the other currents of high power. Under the former section come electric telegraphs, telephones, microphones, &c., fire and burglar alarms, annunciators, electric clocks and time telegraphs, electric registering and signal apparatus, applications of electricity to dentistry, to warfare, to mining and blasting, to spinning and weaving, to traps and snares, to pneumatic apparatus, to musical instruments, to writing and printing, to conjuring apparatus and to toys. Currents of high power will be shown as used in electric illumination, in electro metallurgy and other chemical applications in storage batteries, in the transmission of power to electric motors and in magnetic brakes. Other sections of the exhibition will be devoted to atmospheric electricity, terrestrial magnetism, &c, historical apparatus and books on the general subject."

The development of the electric light will be very fully represented by four great electric light companies, Edison, United States, Brush and Thompson-Houston, each of which will have a complete display of dynamos, lamps and other details of apparatus and machinery, and both the arc and the incandescent lights will be shown under the most favorable circumstances.

The application of electricity as a motor for cars and machinery will be shown, and a train of cars run by stored electrical power and other electrical devices will be on exhibition, where all may witness the actual progress made in this direction and obtain some idea of what it promises to be in the near future.

Items of Interest.

Among the miseries endured at the French frontier by the victims of fumigation there are some that have a humorous side to them. At Irun, while passengers, luggage, and the contents of a freight train were all being submitted to the process together, several persons fainted from the remarkably intense fumes, and others shrieked for air and liberty. It was afterwards discovered that, among other things, about a ton of quicklime had been disinfected. At Geneva, recently, a lady and her parrot were put in the box together; but as the bird could not get its head out it succumbed, amid the wails of its owner. Another case, not quite so amusing, is of a lady and her daughter, who had the whole of the season's dresses destroyed by the acid.

Of the English system of parliamentary representation Mr. Joseph Chamberlain says that in 1858 one sixth of the voters returned one half of the House of Commons, and the only improvement since then was that at present one-fifth instead of one-sixth of the voters returned one-half of the members. Six million people, in eighty-five counties, send 136 members to Parliament, and the same number in 217 boroughs send 290 members; whereas, another 6,000,000, living in small towns and villages, send only 26 members. Another contrast cited is that of Warwick, with 12,000 inhabitants, sending two members to Parliament, while only one more than that number is sent by the great town of Birmingham, with its population of 400,000. In what is known as the "Black Country," out of eight members sent to Parliament, four represented 60,000 people and the other four about 600,000.

At a meeting of the Manhattan Temperance Association of New York, Major B. Cotton, vice-president of the American Temperance Society, said:

"I manufactured liquor for twenty-five years. I began the liquor business selling beer over my father's bar when I was fifteen years old. I know all about it, and can make any kind. The adulteration of liquor is something you know little about, and the extent of it will surprise you. A man stands about as good a chance of being struck by lightning as to get a pure article of brandy in New York. With rectified whiskey as a basis, we can imitate any kind of brandy. The French are more expert than we are; we begin where they leave off, and I pity the man who drinks the stuff we make. We make champagne which you buy for the genuine article. It costs to manufacture $4 a basket; we sell it for $10 to dealers. We make the stuff and put it in our own bottles, make a fac simile label of the genuine, import Spanish corks for the bottles and French straw and baskets to pack them in. We want to make a genuine imported wine—so we buy one barrel of it. Our cooper takes the barrel as a pattern and makes ours by it. They are new and bright. We put them through a staining process, and they come out old and nasty and worn, just like the genuine importation. Thirty two deadly poisons are used in the manufacture of wine. Not one gallon in fifty sold here ever saw France. We send thousands of gallons of whiskey to France, to have them come back to us something else. Of all poisonous liquors in the world, Bourbon whiskey is the deadliest. Strychnine is only one of the poisons in it. A certain oil is used in its manufacture, eight drops of which will kill a cat in eight minutes and a dog in nine minutes. The most temperate men in New York are the whole-sale dealers. They dare not drink the stuff they sell."

Books and Periodicals.

Any of the books here noticed can be had through our Publication House, 907 Arch Street.

POEMS. By Dinah Maria Mulock (Craik), Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," etc. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 13 Astor Place. Pp. 340. Price, $1.25.

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THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton, Author of "A Painter's Camp" "The Unknown River," etc. Sold only by the Publisher, John B. Alden, New York.

The volume is now issued in the dainty and convenient Elzevir edition, neatly bound in cloth for the nominal cost of 50 cents (heretofore the price in cloth has been $2.00), and also in finer style described as "full Russia, gilt edges," price $1.00; this last style is something new in book binding, "the acme of neatness combined with utility," and adapts it well for birth-day, holiday, and other gift purposes.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. The numbers of the Living Age for 23d and 30th August, contain The three Poems "In Memoriam," Quarterly; Italian University Life in the Miedle Ages, British Quarterly; A Legend of Vanished Waters, Scottish; Unbridden Italy—The Sila Forest, Contemporary; The English Church on the Continent, Fortnightly; Venice, Blackwood; Three Days among the Dutchmen, Tinsley's; Madame de Krudener, Gentleman's; William the Silent, Times; "John Bull et son Ile" in the Seventeenth Century, and The Business of Pleasure, Spectator; Slips of the Tongue and Pen, and Manx Smuggling, All the Year Round; with the conclusion of "The Baby's Grandmother," instalments of "Mitchelhurst Place," "Peter Mackey's Three Sweethearts," "Beauty and the Beast," and "Twigge," and Poetry.

ST. NICHOLAS for September is an especially attractive number, containing a happy combination of those features which go to make up a successful child's magazine.——Among the stories are one of Frank R Stockton's inimitable fanciful tales, entitled "The Queen's Museum," with four of Bensell's characteristic illustrations; the first half of "The Dalzells of Daisy-down," a fresh and breezy study of boy and girl life, by E. Vinton Blake; and "Benny's Horse," an exceedingly amusing and naturally told story, by Mary Catherine Lee.——Then there are the month's instalments of the three serials: "Daisy's Jewel-Box, and How She Filled It," is the title of Louisa M. Alcott's "Spinning-wheel Story;" "Brian Boru: the Boy Chieftain," is the hero of E. S. Brooks's "Historic Boys" for September; and Maurice Thompson takes "Marvin and his Boy Hunters" through some highly interesting adventures along the Gulf coast of Southern Florida, and leaves them for a month in an extremely dangerous predicament.——But "truth is stranger than fiction," and the three natural history papers in this issue—"The Bird Matinee," "Swordsmen of the Deep," and "A Story of a Tree-Frog"—will be found to bear out the truth of the maxim.——The verse is abundant and well-chosen,—the most notable contributions being "The Little Quaker Sinner," a delightfully quaint poem by Lucy Lincoln Montgomery, which opens the number; "The Playmate Hours," by Mary Thacher Higginson; and the very original "Floral Letter," which will puzzle, amuse, and instruct the readers, both young and old, of the magazine.——Charles Barnard contributes a comprehensive account of a New York Kitchen Garden, in the form of a story, and Geo. B. Bartlett tells of a new amusement for summer nights or winter evenings.

The September WIDE AWAKE, opening with Mrs. Fleming's exciting narrative poem, "The Little Lion Charmer," for which W. T. Smedley has drawn a good frontispiece, goes on to give a seasonable story by Mrs. F. A. Humphrey, entitled "How Dolly Attended the Convention;" it is a good picture of old taverns and old times and customs, and Daniel Webster appears among the characters of the story. WIDE AWAKE has a goodly reputation for rescuing the fading traditions of the past, and many a valuable reminiscence has been printed in its pages, as many of its stories show. There are many poems, and the Chautauqua Readings for the month are excellent, especially the "Little Biography," which is of Rev. Dr. J. H Vincent. Only $3.00 a year. D Lothrop & Co., Boston, publishers.

THE FORTNIGHTTY REVIEW. Edited by T. H. S Escott. Contents for August: The Marquis of Salisbury, K.G.: Ideas about India, I., the Agricultural Danger, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; Measurement of Character, by Francis Galton, F. R. S: Morocco, by Captain F. Warren, R N; Our Obligations in Egypt, by R. T. Reid, M. P.; Co-operative Partnership, by J. T. Hoare; What is Judaism? A Question of To day, by Lucien Wolf; The House of Lords, by J. E. Thorold Rogers, M. P.; Nubar, by a British Resident in Cairo; Home and Foreign Affairs:—Politics, Finance. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 104 Walnut St. 40c. a number; $4 50 a year.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. Contents for August: The Waters of Hercules, part I; A Sketch from Malvern; The Baby's Grandmother, conclusion; Curiosities of Politics; "Tommy"; Berlin in 1884, conclusion; Some Translations from the Russian of Lermontoff; Justice for the Lords. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 1104 Walnut street. $3.00 a year; single number, 30 cents.

THE NINETEETH CENTURY. A Monthly Review, edited by James Knowles. Contents for August: The House of Lords and the Country: 1, by the Duke of St. Albans; 2, by Arthur James Balfour, M.P.; 3, by the Hon. E. Lyulph Stanley, M. P.; 4, by George Howell; 5, by Viscount Lymington, M P; Leprosy, Present and Past, by Agnes Lambert; An American Criticism of the Egyptian Campaign, by Archibald Forbes; A Tangled Skein Unravelled, by Dr. Charles Mackay; A Limit to Evolution, by St. George Mivart; The Prophet of Walnut-street Yard, by the Rev. Dr Jessopp; Technical Education, by the Rev. Henry Solly; County Characteristics: Sussex, by Henry G. Hewlett; English Sisterhoods, by Maria Trench. Philadelphia: Leonard Scott Publishing Company, 1104 Walnut street. 40c a copy; $4.50 a year.

Obituaries.

DIED.—At Altoona, Pa., on Saturday, August 16, 1884, after a brief illness. Christiana, wife of Elder J. L. Reifsneider, in the 70th year of her age.

Mrs. Reifsneider was a daughter of Mr. Peter Hartenstine and his wife Hannah. She was born June 15 1815, in Montgomery county, Pa. After arriving at womanhood she was united in the bonds of matrimony to Mr. J. L. Reifsneider of the same county. The earlier years of her married life were spent at Pottstown, Pa. She moved with her husband to Altoona, Pa., in 1852, where the remainder of her life was passed.

In her early years she became a member of the Lutheran church, and continued such until the organization of Christ Reformed church at Altoona in January, 1863, when, with her husband, she transferred her membership to it and remained a faithful and devoted member of the same until her death. Her Christian life, though void of all display, was deep and earnest, as was evident from her interest in all that pertained to the cause of Christ. From prayer-meeting, and from the regular services of the Lord's day she was very seldom absent.

Of the good deeds of the deceased much might be said as she was always ready to give a helping hand to every good work going on in the community in which she lived. She was a faithful and devoted wife, a tender and an affectionate mother, and a kind and generous hearted neighbor. The sick and the afflicted always found her a sympathizing and helpful friend. She never hesitated to sacrifice her own comfort if thereby she could advance the comfort and happiness of others. Though her earthly life is ended, her memory will long be kept green in the hearts and minds of all that were acquainted with her.

Besides her husband, she leaves three daughters, Mrs. John P. Levan, Mrs. Edward L. Haines and Mrs. Catherine Story, and one son, Mr Le Baron Reifsneider, all of Altoona, together with other relatives and friends, to mourn her death. They mourn, however, not as those who have no hope. Three children—two daughters and a son—preceded her to the other world.

Her funeral took place on Wednesday afternoon, August 20th, and was very largely attended. The occasion was improved by her pastor in a discourse on Phil. 1: 21. Her remains were buried in Fairview Cemetery, Altoona, Pa. May she rest in peace. J. M. T.

DIED.—Mrs. Lucinda Wilson, of Fork, Columbia county, Pa., departed this life, August 20, 1884, aged 65 years, 2 months, and 19 days.

Mother Wilson was born June 1st, 1819, at White Deer, Union county, Pa., and was the daughter of Daniel Ludwig. When quite young she became a member of the M. E Church at Lewisburg. On the 24th of September, 1840, she was united in holy wedlock to Rev. Elijah H. Wilson, who for some years stood in connection with the Evangelical Association, and labored first as a local and then as a traveling preacher. In 1863, she and her husband united with the Reformed church at Carlisle, Cumberland county. Soon after, her husband was regularly ordained as a minister of the Reformed church, which he faithfully served in three succeeding charges until the time of his death in 1868. Mrs. Wilson was the mother of ten children—three of whom died in their infancy. She was an intelligent and exemplary Christian woman. A faithful bosom companion, aiding her husband to the best of her ability. And a faithful mother, trying to instruct her children and lead them in the path of duty.

During the period of her widowhood she was left in somewhat straightened circumstances. But kind friends, and particularly the Society for the Relief of Ministers, came to her timely aid. In this has been strikingly fulfilled the words of David, "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." During her latter years Mother Wilson was somewhat afflicted with heart disease and dropsy. In the midst of her suffering she, with sweet submission, would say, "Thy will be done." At length the hour of her departure came, and she gently fell asleep in the bosom of eternal rest.

The funeral services were held in the Zion Church, on which occasion the pastor was assisted by Rev. W. Goodrich. From thence her remains were followed by mourning friends to their final resting-place, in the Still-Water graveyard, where they rest in hope of a blessed resurrection. A. H.

DIED.—Allentown, August 14, 1884, Emily Louisa, only daughter of Rev. E. A. and Annie J. Gernant, aged 13 months.

A month ago a happy family consisting of three members, left a busy bustling city on the banks of the Lehigh, to spend a vacation at, and enjoy the refreshing and invigorating comforts of a rural ancestral home located near the Schuylkill. It was a happy time for all who belonged to the household. The aged great-grandmother rejoiced in being surrounded by three generations of her offspring. The grand parents were glad as of yore when the voices of their own little children were heard in their halls, and the little feet of future heirs trod the sward before those hospitable doors. The parents rejoiced in their return to the old home and in the pleasures of a family reunion. Baby was as happy as any of the rest. She heard the birds sing, she saw the kine returning from the fields, and breathed the fresh air sweetened by the fragrance of new mown hay. Here was comfort, hope, and the needed refreshment, quickening and invigorating in view of another year's arduous and responsible toil.

The end of the vacation comes at last, but with it come gloom and grief. Baby was not well [illegible] but there was no occasion for alarm. The shepherd and his family were welcomed by a loving flock, and a happy pastoral relationship seemed about to be propitiously renewed. The same night the angel of death entered the parsonage, and the sunshine that set that night rose not again to brighten with its beams the lovely countenance of little Emily.

Early in the morning the neighbors came, and the church members came, and ministerial brethren came, but what did all that help? Baby was gone. The light and joy of the household had fled, and whatever else might enter, darkness and sorrow had settled down relentlessly upon that home. Nothing now could be done but to summon all spiritual strength in the effort to submit and say, "The Lord gave, the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Two white horses attached to a beautiful white hearse drew her body to its resting place. Crowds of sympathizing friends followed. She was laid in a grave that did not seem like a grave—more like a bed,—which was made soft and inviting by a mass of flowers gathered by loving hands.

Rev. S. G. Wagner, D. D., made some appropriate remarks at the house, and Rev. A. S. Leinbach preached a German sermon in the church, which was followed by one in English by Rev. W. M. Reily. Besides many ministers of other denominations, there were present of our church, tone her with those named above, Rev. E. V. Gerhart, D. D., Rev. N. S. Strassberger, Rev. T. N. Reber, Rev. W. R. Hofford, Rev. Jared Fritzinger, and Rev. M. H. Dieffenderfer.

By a coincidence, which seemed almost like a prearrangement, the three discourses complemented each other in such a way as to form a complete whole. Dr. Wagner dwelt upon the sympathy of Christ, as being in itself a source of comfort to all His people. Rev. A. S. Leinbach spoke of this same sympathy as expressed in the words of our Saviour, dwelling especially upon the language used by Him in the house of Jairus, "The maid is not dead, but sleepeth." Rev. W. M. Reily spoke of the work of Christ as going forward in His church and bringing with it "everlasting consolation and good hope, through grace," whereby the hearts of believers are comforted.

These bereaved parents heard much that was calculated to cheer them in their distress. But far more do they obtain by going directly to that Word which is the source of all spiritual strength, and to that throne of grace from which none come empty away. May the Comforter, who is with the people of God forever, be their support in this hour of severest trial, and enable them to lay hold upon the promise set before them in the Gospel.

Come to them, Saviour, in their lone dejection,
Speak calmly to their wild and helpless grief,
Bring them the hopes and thoughts of resurrection,
Bring them the comfort of a true belief.

Come with that human voice that breaks in weeping,
Come with that awful tenderness Divine,
Come, tell them she is not dead, but sleeping,
But gone before to Thee, for she is Thine.

Every child is lovely in the eyes of its own parent; but few children have been the objects of such widespread admiration as was this one. Almost the entire community knew little Emily, and even policemen and cab drivers were known to stop her baby-carriage and wait and look until they were rewarded with a smile. Friends of the family and members of the congregation vied with each other in bestowing favors upon the baby daughter of the young pastor. Her death was a shock which reached farther and wider than many would be ready to believe. Her spirit has gone to her Saviour; whilst her body rests in the beautiful Union Cemetery of Allentown. Many will pass that way and read the inscription on her tombstone. They will think of the once lovely child, and of a faithful pastor's grief. And many, too, will, in all likelihood, have occasion to say: This is a monument of that affliction sent upon a minister of God, which has been the means of quickening his hope, strengthening his faith, and making him more efficient in every good word and work. R.

DIED.—Near St. Thomas, Pa., after a short illness of diphtheritic croup, John, son of Mr. Robt. and Frances Gillan, aged 5 years, 6 months and 5 days.

This beloved son was a God-gift to his parents. His death is deeply mourned by them and his remaining little brother. He is translated into the family of his Redeemer above. "But we would not have you ignorant brethren concerning them that fall asleep; that ye sorrow not, even as do the rest, that have no hope." 1 Thess 4: 13. W.

Acknowledgments.

STATEMENT

Of moneys received by the undersigned for Missions, since last acknowledgment, viz:

Received per Geo Hill, Treas of E Susq Classis,	$413 82
Rev Thos S Johnston, Treas Lebanon Classis, from Minersville chg, $5 00; Leesport cong, 15 00.	20 00
Trinity Ch, Pottsville, 27 00; Pinegrove chg, 3 00; Tulpehocken chg, 80 00.	110 00
Milbach cong, 7 00; Hamburg charge, 22 00.	29 00
Schartzlville Reformed congregation,	17 00
Leesport chg, 14 00; Gernant's charge, 8 57; St John's, Schuylkill Haven, 32 00.	54 57
Bethany's Orphans' Home cong, 26 00; Swatara chg, 20 00.	46 00
H J Meyers, Treas of Gettysburg Classis, on account of synodical assessment, 300 00; Do bal, do do, 250 00; Do, bequest of Misses Anna M and Susan Dizzler, deceased, of Hanover, Pa, 300 00.	850 00
Miss Fannie Lefevre, Treas of Missionary Soc of 2d Ref Ch, Harrisburg,	25 00
Rev S S Miller, Treas Md Classis, from 3d Ref Ch, Baltimore, 31 84; Cavetown chg, 31 00; Emmittsburg chge, 23 25; Manchester chg, 18 00; Hagerstown chg, 17 00; Jefferson charge, 14 00; Mt Moriah chg, 8 50; Mount Pleasant chg, 1 00.	144 60
Ev Ref Ch, Frederick, 202 23; Clearspring chg, 45 00; Glade chg, 40 00; Cavetown chge, 15 00; Middletown chg, 14 00; Burkittsville chg, 10 00; Mechanicstown chg, 10 00; Jefferson chg, 8 00; Christ Ch, Hagerstown, 6 00; Emmittsburg, 2 00.	352 23
Sophia R Gelbach, Treas of Christ Ch Reformed Miss Soc,	10 00
Rec'd of the pastor of Paradise (Somerset county) charge, Rev C U Heilman,	22 92
Rev Theo Appel, D D, from Zion's Ch, Allentown (proceeds of corn-planting) 84 75; Rev I E Motter, Waynesboro Ref Church, 10 00; Rev J G Brown, collected in Kansas, 4 05; Earnings of two children, 20c; Ladies Missionary Soc, Butler, Pa, for S A missions, 5 00; Sunday-school of Mt Pleasant, W Phila), 49 38.	165 38
H A Forney, Treas Bd Systematic Ben of N C Classis, from Hickory Church Rev J Ingold,	1 50
Catawba Ch, Rev J C Clapp, Newton cong, 7 37; St John's cong, 6 23; Smyrna cong, 3 36.	17 46
Grace chg, Rev A P Horn, Danville cong, 4 43; Grace congregation, 3 35; Bethel cong, 2 40.	10 18
Upper Davidson chg, Rev Thomas Long, Pilgrim cong, 6 30; Bethany do, 2 50; Hebron do, 2 18; Beulah do, 95c.	11 93
West Rowan chg, Rev Barringer, Mt Zion cong, 3 10; Gilead do, 3 50.	6 60
Lower Davidson chg, Rev Hedrich,	2 03
East Rowan chg, Rev Gurley, Grace cong, 4 75; Bethel cong, 5 55.	10 30
Guilford chg, Rev D Welker, Brick Ch cong, 2 31; Mt Hope do, 4 05; St Mark's do, 4 83.	11 19
Lincolnton charge, Rev Foil, Mathew's cong, 4 25; Salem do, 6 00; St Paul's do, 4 60.	14 85
East Rowan chg, Rev Crooks,	85—86 89
Rev Wm M Deatrick, Treas Mercersburg Classis, from Clear Ridge chge, 3 10; Loudon Ch (coon alms), 7 09; Fannettsburg Ch, do, 4 15; St Paul's Ch, Waynesboro, 17 25.	31 59
Rev W A Haas, Treas W Susq Classis, from Lock Haven chg,	11 00
Mifflinburg chg, 30 15; Aaronsburg do, 22 26; White Deer do, 47 00; New Berlin do, 13 00.	112 41
Rev Geo W Snyder, pastor of 2nd Ref Ch. H b'g (com coll),	9 28
Rev Wm D Lefever, pastor of Stoystown, Somerset county, charge,	10 00
Chas Santee, from Christ Ref Ch, Phila, for support of Rev Kreuters, Valparaiso, Chili, S A,	50 00
Rev W H H Snyder, pastor, Salem Ref Ch, Harrisburg,	85 00
Rev J H Pennebecker, Treas Lancaster Classis, from Elizabethtown charge, 22 00; St Paul's Ch, Lone, 20 00; Bethany chg, 16 75; Manheim chg, 14 00.	72 75
	$2729 44

CHURCH EXTENSION.

Received per Dr I Lefever, Treas 2d Ref Ch, Harrisburg,	3 82
H C Hoover, Treas of Phila Classis, from Boehm's Ch, for Cal Missions,	25 00
C M Bousch, Treas St Paul's Classis, from Miss Soc St John's Ch, for Cal Miss,	10 00
Rev Dr Thos S Johnston, Treas Lebanon Classis, from Trinity Ch, Pottsville, 10 00, for Cal Miss; for Kansas 5 00; St Stephen's Ch, Reading, for Emporia, Kans, 4 80; First Ch, Pottsville, for Cal Miss, 6 50.	26 00
Rev Dr Theo Appel, from Rev I M Motter, Waynesboro, Pa,	7 00
Rev J W Pontius, from S S of St John's Miss Soc, Cochrantown, Pa,	5 00
	$76 82

W. H. SEIBERT, Treas.

Bethany Orphans' Home.

Received from St John's Union S S, Kutztown, on excursion, Rev John H Leinbach, $16 00. Union Franklin S S, Palmer township, Northampton county, Rufus W Miller, 2 70. Dr John Conrad, Robesonia, 4 00. Peter Rapp, Emity, 1 00. Mrs Eleonora Ermentrout, Reading, 5 00.

D. B. ALBRIGHT, Supt.

Religious Intelligence.

At Home.

At St. Luke's Protestant Episcopal Hospital, New York, during the year there were 19 baptisms, 20 persons confirmed, and 86 funerals besides communion monthly in the chapel,

A writer in the *Alabama Baptist* says that the Baptists have in that State 1,284 Churches and about 850 ordained preachers, but that owing to the once a month system and other things, the Churches have no use for more than about 360 preachers.

It is stated that the authorities of one of the older Episcopal Churches of Philadelphia, with seating capacity for one thousand persons, and an average attendance of less than one fifth that number, seriously think of providing for the shrinkage in the congregation by building a small Church inside the old one, and utilizing the side and end spaces for Sunday-school work. The Church is situated in the midst of a dense population.

For the last thirty four years the Bible Societies of England and America have printed over 10,000 copies for each business day. The Oxford Press, which has special privileges in the matter of printing Bibles, it is claimed, uses paper enough each year, for Bibles alone, to form a band nine inches wide around the earth; and this is but one center of Bible printing. Add to this the work of the other Bible printers and publishers in Great Britain and the United States, and we get an idea of the importance which is still attached to that blessed book.

Abroad.

Funds amounting to $85 000 have been contributed toward the erection of a German Evangelical Church in Jerusalem.

The Jewish Committee of the Free Church of Scotland will begin a mission on the Sea of Galilee. Tiberias is the point selected.

The last scaffoldings have been taken down from the Cologne Cathedral. All that remains to be done is work on certain doors and windows.

Vigorous means are employed to push forward the movement for the erection of three new Wesleyan chapels in that ancient educational center, Oxford. The work has been inaugurated by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M. A.

The London Presbyterian makes the following statement: "A striking testimony to the power of evangelical truth was given lately by the authorities at the Vatican, in an offer being made through a private agent (who was to get £2,000 for his share in the transaction) to purchase the newly built Waldensian Church in Rome for the sum of £40,000.

On a recent Sunday, Rev. D. Mackenzie, an Episcopal clergyman of Scotland, officiated in Gaelic to a large congregation, in St. Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh. This is the first occasion on which an Episcopal clergyman has officiated in St. Giles Cathedral since July 23, 1637, when the Jenny Geddes incident occurred.

Conversions from Protestantism to Romanism still continue to increase in Prussia. According to the official ecclesiastical statistics for the past year, just published, 904 left the ranks of the Protestant Church, over against 801 who left the year preceding, the large majority in each case connecting themselves with the Catholic Church. 136 conversions from Judaism are reported, and 16 left the Evangelical Church to connect themselves with the synagogues.

The established Church of England has about oversight. Those in Southern Europe and in the islands of the Mediterranean are more than seventy in number, and are under the supervision of the Bishop of Gibralter. The needs of English travellers, who have increased a hundred fold, have greatly increased the number of Churches, and under the latter bishop ten are now in process of construction. A Church is nearly completed in Moscow, while there are three of these Churches within the walls of Rome.

The Geographical and Statistical Institute of Madrid, has recently published its statistics of the religious status of Spain. The peninsula and neighboring islands, together with the Spanish possessions in North Africa, contain 16,684,345 souls. Of these 6,634 are reported as belonging to extra-Catholic denominations, 402 are Jews, and 9,645 are recorded as without religious connection. All the rest are Roman Catholics. The number of non-Catholics is certainly remarkably small in this list, and can scarcely be harmonized with the figures reported from Protestant sources. These report about 28 000 adherents of the Evangelical cause in Spain, belonging chiefly to the missions prosecuted by the English and Scotch Presbyterians. *La Luz*, the organ of the Protestants, reports that their number has been doubled within the last three years.

The Lutheran Church in France is not a numerous body. It has only eighty-two pastors. But it is a highly respectable body, and influential in proportion to its numbers. It has just been holding its synod at Montbeliard. The reports submitted showed that, while the Church could not boast of great progress, it was bravely holding its own. Among the subjects discussed was the need of a new Bible in the French language. The version of Prof. Segond was highly spoken of, but the feeling was general that an entirely new version, one reflecting the highest scholarship of the day, and at the same time doing justice to the French language and to the original text in Hebrew and Greek, was needed.

The English Wesleyan Conference met this year, the 141st of its history, at Burslem, the centre of the Staffordshire potteries the newly-elected President being the Rev. Dr. Greeves. The votes recorded for the Rev. Richard Roberts, who was second on the list, were 130, those for Dr. Greeves being 148. In responding to the announcement of his election, the new President said he had no inaugural address prepared, as he had not anticipated the choice of the assembly to fall upon himself; but if he could give the key-note for the year, it would be, "Salvation in every house." Referring to the future of Methodism, Dr. Greeves, whose services in the cause of education are well known, said that while evangelistic work must not be neglected, he hoped the pastoral and educational work would be especially promoted among them.

The London *Christian* says: "Mr Learned, at Kiota, gives an account of a work of grace in the Kiota Training College, where there are now 160 students: 'The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. We have had such a revival here as we have never seen before. Several young men had been feeling unusual joy in Christ, and for a week or two had been praying together late in the evening. Suddenly the revival spirit spread through the college, and of late scarcely anything else has been talked or thought of. Few, if any, in the whole school are unmoved by it. Among the noteworthy features of the movement are: (1) the deep sorrow over sin; (2) the exceedingly great joy of those who have found forgiveness; (3) the fact that, so far as human means are concerned, it arose entirely from among the students themselves, no preacher or teacher having anything to do with it; (4) the eager desire to tell others of the good news.'"

The General Evangelical Missionary Society, formed in Germany in the spring of last year, deserves more attention than it has yet received. A few weeks ago its constituent assembly was held at Weimar, and was attended by about 130 of the 1 200 members of which the society consists. The object of this society is peculiar. It proposes to abandon the old method of dealing with the vulgar and uneducated, and go direct to the cultured classes in India, and in China, and in Japan. It proposes not to substitute Christianity for Buddhism and other false religions, but to incorporate Christian truth with what is true in these religions. Pastor Bass, of Giarus, who seems to be the leading spirit of the movement, thinks that the movement ought to commend itself to all classes of the German community, and that Catholics, as well as Protestants of every shade and color, should lend their support. One of the speakers, after expatiating upon Chinese culture, said that "every hour of delay in conveying to China a knowledge of Christianity should be considered a sin of omission." The London *Nonconformist* very sensibly expresses the fear that this society will long be guilty of that sin.

The Government Chemist Analyzes two of the Leading Baking Powders, and what he finds them made of.

The best baking powder is made from pure Cream of Tartar, Bicarbonate of Soda, and a small quantity of flour or starch. Frequently other ingredients are used, and serve a purpose in reducing the cost and increasing the profits of the manufacturer.

We give the Government Chemist's analyses of two of the leading baking powders:

I have examined samples of "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder," manufactured at Albany, N. Y., and "Royal Baking Powder," both purchased by myself in this city, and I find they contain:

"Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder."
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Flour

Available carbonic acid gas 12.61 per cent., equivalent to 118.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

"Royal Baking Powder."
Cream of Tartar
Bicarbonate of Soda
Carbonate of Ammonia
Tartaric Acid
Starch

Available carbonic acid gas 12.40 per cent., equivalent to 116.2 cubic inches of gas per oz. of Powder.

Ammonia gas 0.43 per cent., equivalent to 10.4 cubic inches per oz. of Powder.

Note—The Tartaric Acid was doubtless introduced as free acid, but subsequently combined with ammonia, and exists in the Powder as a Tartrate of Ammonia.

E. G. LOVE, Ph. D.

NEW YORK, Jan'y 17th, 1881.

The above analyses indicate a preference for "Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder,', and our opinion is that it is the better preparation.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

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HON. E. M. TOPLIFF, Manchester, N. H.
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WANAMAKER'S.

Philadelphia, September 1, 1884.

Four years ago we said that a merchant's way of dealing in black silk was a pretty fair test of his dealing in general. There are two reasons for the statement: the importance of black silk as an article of merchandise, and the impossibility of being perfectly sure how any particular quarter-yard of it is going to wear. It is worth something in estimating a man to know how he treats an important matter that involves some risk to his client.

There are two attitudes which the merchant may properly take towards this treacherous article of universal dress. He may say: We buy the silks of the best makers; use the best skill we can command in choosing them; examine carefully before we sell them; and, if the silks do not turn out successful in wear, the fault is back of us. The maker himself does not know how a particular piece of his own black silk is going to wear; the skilful workmen through whose successive hands it has passed from the cocoon to the last process of the finish do not know; nobody knows. The only way to find out is by trying. You have got to buy with whatever of risk there is. We do all we can to make it little. We cannot take it away.

This is the attitude that he must take, if he is frank and fair; unless the maker bears the risk. Somebody has got to bear it: the merchant maker chooses to insure his silk, rely on the merchant to pass that insurance over to the wearer and deal justly with both, then the merchant may say: This silk may wear well or ill; we do not know how it will turn out; but, if it goes too soon, we'll replace the part that fails.

Either attitude is proper. Either recognizes the unavoidable chance of disappointment that lurks in every black silk dress. One makes provision for that chance; and the other notifies the buyer that the risk is hers. It depends on the maker what the merchant can do. Not every maker of black silk, not every maker of good black silk, not every maker of the very best black silk, is disposed to take the risk of his work.

Some merchants of the highest standing never guarantee any silk to wear. We choose the middle ground. We warrant silks that are warranted to us. If a responsible maker is willing to take the risk of his work and trust us to administer his guarantee, we do it. We do not insist that he shall.

We are prompted to this explanation by a series of black silks which we sell with agreement to replace without charge any part that may fail to be fairly durable. Let it be understood that the guarantee is ours as much as if the maker were not behind us; and that it is the maker's as much as if you were not looking to us for its fulfilment.

The silks we guarantee to wear well are these, three French and two American: Bellon's "Household" brand, $1.25 to $2.25; Giraud's "Cachemire Alexandra," $1.50 to $3; Guinet's "Cachemire," 90 cents to $3 50; Givernaud's gros-grain, $1 25 to $2; and Cheney's gros-grain, $1.25 to $2.50. Each maker's silk has its peculiar characteristics through its several grades; and the prices rise with the weight.

The price of silk is very low now. The depression is felt particularly in staples; less in "novelties," which always bring extravagant prices for the first few weeks. We refer to day to staples; to silks of intrinsic value; to silks that never lose their favor. Because they always hold their place in dress, they go up and down in the market according to the current value of silk and labor and tariff—hardly ever according to fashion.

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Cumberland Valley Railroad
TIME TABLE.—JULY 1, 1884.

Stations.	Hb'g. Exp.	H'b'g Acc'n	Mail Train.	Day Exp.	Mail Exp.	N. Y. Exp. DAILY
DOWN TRAINS		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Lv. Martinsburg	.....	.....	7 50	.....	3 35	.....
Ar. Hagerstown	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Hagerstown	.....	.....	8 40	11 45	4 15	9 05
" Greencastle	.....	.....	9 12	12 10	4 43	9 35
Ar. Chambersb'g	A. M.	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Chambersb'g	4 30	7 00	9 35	12 37	5 15	9 50
" Shippensburg	4 53	7 25	9 58	1 03	5 42	10 20
" Newville	5 15	7 50	10 15	1 27	6 04	10 40
" Carlisle	5 43	8 15	10 38	1 58	6 30	10 60
" Mechanicsb'g	6 10	8 45	10 56	2 20	7 00	11 20
Ar. Harrisburg	6 35	9 10	11 15	2 55	7 10	11 30
	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Ar. Philadelphia	10 30	.....	3 15	7 35	.....	3 05
" Baltimore	10 15	.....	.....	5 20	.....	7 40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Stations.	N. O. Exp.	Acc'm Train	Sch'n Mail	Phil. Exp.	H'b'g Acc.	H'b'g Exp.
UP TRAINS.	P. M.	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Baltimore	11 20	.....	7 35	10 50	.....	4 10
" Philadelphia	11 20	4 20	7 40	11 10	.....	5 40
	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
" Harrisburg	4 30	7 35	11 40	4 05	6 30	9 55
" Mechanicsb'g	4 55	8 02	12 00	4 30	6 50	9 21
" Carlisle	5 20	8 30	12 21	4 55	7 20	9 45
" Newville	5 45	8 58	12 42	5 20	7 50	10 10
" Shippensburg	6 10	9 22	1 00	5 41	8 15	10 35
Ar. Chambersb'g	.....	.....	.....	.....	8 40	11 00
Lv. Chambersb'g	6 40	9 55	1 24	6 10	.....	.....
" Greencastle	7 05	10 20	1 44	6 33	.....	.....
Ar. Hagerstown	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....
Lv. Hagerstown	7 30	10 52	2 30	7 06	.....	.....
Ar. Martinsburg	A. M.	11 40	4 05	7 55	.....	.....
	DAILY	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

* Daily. On Sundays runs only to Hagerstown.

SOUTHERN PENN'A R. R. TRAINS.

Mixed Train	Mail Train			Mail Train	Mixed Train
A. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.
9 05	4 30	Lve..... Chambersburg ..... Arr		8 35	3 45
9 50	4 44	" ..... Marion	"	8 20	3 30
11 25	5 30	" ..... Mercersburg	"	7 35	2 40
12 00	5 52	" ..... Loudon	"	7 10	2 05
12 15	6 00	Arr..... Richmond	"	7 00	1 45
P. M.	P. M.			A. M.	P. M.

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NOTICE.

The Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States will convene in annual sessions in Trinity Reformed church, Pottstown, Pa., on Wednesday, October 8th, A. D., 1884, at 7 30 P. M.

Efforts will be made to obtain Excursion rates on the Philadelphia and Reading R. R., for all members desirous of attending Synod.

JNO. P. STEIN, Stated Clerk,
Millersville, Pa.

NOTICE.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet in general convention in St. Peter's Reformed church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, A. D. 1884, at 7.30 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements will be made for Excursion rates to the members on the A. V. R. and B. and O. railroads. Orders will be forwarded by the clerk to those entitled.

"Pastors and charges will please furnish the Clerk with the names of the Delegate Elders ten days before September 17, 1884."

H. F. KEENER, Clerk,
Manor Station, Pa.

July 26, 1884.

NOTICE.

All persons intending to be present at the Synod of Pittsburg, which meets at Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, are requested to notify me at least ten days before the meeting. Unless this request is complied with we can not insure entertainment. GEORGE HARTZEL, Elder.

Mt. Pleasant, August 13, 1884.

NOTICE.

The Sunday-School Board of Pittsburg Synod will report to the coming meeting of Synod the following subjects and speakers for its Sunday-school sessions: 1. The Model Teacher, by Revs. C. U. Heilman and A. K. Kline; 2. The Model Scholar, by Revs. J. Wolbach and H. D. Darbaker. After the addresses by the appointed speakers, each subject will be open for general discussion. Opening speeches shall be limited to fifteen minutes, others to five minutes.

By Order of the Board.

A. E. TRUXAL, Chairman.

General News.

Home.

The Lancaster Watch Company has failed.

There was frost in the New England and Middle States last week.

A destructive cyclone has swept over parts of Dakotah, and several persons are reported to have been killed.

The transfer steamer Belmont, running between Evansville and Henderson, was sunk on the 29th ult. and thirty lives were lost. The neighborhood of Evansville was visited by a hurricane on the same day and much damage was done.

Some excitement was caused last week by the discovery of a genuine case of yellow fever in New York City. The poor man had fallen on the street and was supposed to be drunk. No clue to the place from which he came has been found: but no other cases are reported.

Foreign.

PARIS, Aug. 31.—Two deaths from cholera have occurred at Toulon since last night. During the 24 hours ended at 8.40 to-night there were nine deaths from the disease at Marseilles. In the Southern Departments of France, during the 24 hours ended to night, the deaths from cholera were: Herault, 5; Aide, 7; Eastern Pyrenees, 11. In various provinces of Italy the ravages of cholera were as follows for the 24 hours ending to-night:

Bergamo, fresh cases, 16; deaths, 6. Bologna, deaths, 2. Campobasso, fresh cases, 3; deaths, 3. Cuneo, fresh cases, 32; deaths, 17. Massa Carrara, deaths, 3. Naples, fresh cases, 3; Parma, fresh cases, 4; Turin, fresh cases, 2. Total —Fresh cases, 60; deaths, 31.

At La Spezia there were 33 fresh cases and 17 deaths.

London, Aug. 30.—The officials at the Chinese Embassy here to-day showed to a correspondent some of the latest despatches received by them from the Imperial Government at Pekin. In these despatches the Chinese officials complain bitterly of Admiral Courbet's action in attacking Foochow before any declaration of war had been made by either power. They also complain of his barbarity in continuing to fire upon Chinese vessels after their fire had ceased and they had surrendered. They say that this is not war but murder, being an act of slaughter committed without any pretense of authority which could be sustained under the law of nations. They intend, therefore, to make a strong representation to all the treaty powers to which China has opened its ports, and to ask them to take action to prevent further unlawful aggressions by France.

Hong Kong, August 31.—A French war ship has arrived here to protect the French merchant marine.

Canton, Aug. 31.—The French customs officials have left the city. The Viceroy fears that an attack will be made upon the Bogue forts. An official reward has been offered for the heads of all Frenchmen.

Cairo, August 27.—Major Kitchener telegraphs from Dongola that a spy has brought in the report that General Gordon gained a great victory over the rebels August 11, and that two of the rebel leaders were killed in the engagement.

Paris, August 30.—General Millot has asked to be relieved of the command of the French forces in Tonquin on the ground of ill health. The Government has consented to this, and has appointed General Briere Delisle to succeed him.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, September 1, 1884.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers, $2 50@3; winter extras, $3 @3.50; Pennsylvania family, $4@4.25; do roller straight, $4.50@5; Western winter clears, $4.75 @5 25; straights, $5@5.50; winter patent, $5 50 @6; Minnesota clear, $4@5; do straight, $5.25 @5.50; do patent, $5.50@6.25. Rye Flour was inactive but unchanged at $3.50@3.62½ ₱ barrel as to quality.

WHEAT.—Sales of 2600 bushels No. 1 Pennsylvania red afloat at 94c.; 600 bushels No. 2 Delaware elevator at 89½c.; 600 bushels No. 3 red in elevator at 85c; 1200 bushels No. 2 red new in elevator at 88c., with 87c. bid and 88c. asked for August; 10,000 bushels September at 87½c., the closing price; 20,000 bushels October early at 90c., and 25,000 bushels at the close at 89½c.

CORN.—Sales of 600 bushels steamer mixed track at 63c., with No. 3 quoted at 60@62c., as to quality, and 600 bushels sail mixed in grain depot at 64½c., with 61½c. bid and 65c. asked on call for sail mixed August; 61½c. bid and 63c. asked September; 60c. bid and 61c. asked October.

OATS.—Sales of 3 cars rejected white at 30@32c.; 3 cars No. 2 mixed at 32@33c.; 4 cars No. 3 white at 35@34½@34c.; 3 cars No. 2 white at 38c. The August option declined ½c. with sales of 5000 bushels at 37c.; September was a shade firmer, closing at 34½c. bid and 34¾c. asked.

RYE was variously quoted at 60@65c. as to quality.

EGGS.—We quote near-by and Pennsylvania extras, 20@20½c.; Western good and choice receipts at 19@19½c.

PETROLEUM.—The export market for refined was firm, but quiet, at 8c. for 70 Abel test in barrels and 9½c. for 110 test in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote choice North Pennsylvania new at $18; choice Western and New York State Timothy $18; and fair to good do at $15@17. Rye Straw was steady at $15@15 50 per ton.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at $18@18.50; shoulders in salt, 7½c.; do smoked, 8@8½c.; pickled shoulders, 8@8½c.; do smoked, 9½@10c.; breakfast bacon, 11½@12c. Loose Butchers' Lard, 7¾c.; prime steam do, $8; city refined do, 8¾@9c; Beef Hams, $25@26; Dried Beef, $18@19; Sweet pickled hams, 13@13½c., as to average; smoked hams, 14½@15½c., as to average. City family beef, $13.50@14. City Tallow, in hogsheads, at 6¾@6½c.

POULTRY.—We quote live old hens at 12c. for near-by, and at 10@11c. for Western; mixed lots, 10c.; roosters, 6c., and live spring chickens at 11@13c., as to size and quality; Ducks, 8@10c.; Dressed Chickens—Extra at 16@17c.; do fowls, Pennsylvania, 15c.; do Western, 14c.; poor do, 12@13c., and spring chickens at 14@16c., as to size and quality.

BUTTER.—We quote Pennsylvania creamery extras at 22c.; Western do do, 22@23c.; do firsts, 19@21c.; imitation creamery, 15c.; Western dairy choice, 18c.; do firsts, 14@16c.; New York and Bradford county fresh tubs, 20c.; firsts, 15@17c.; packing grades, 8c.; grease, 3@5c.; creamery prints, fancy, 24@25c.; good to choice, 18@22c.; fair, 12@16c.; dairy prints, 12@22c., as to quality.

CHEESE.—We quote New York full cream choice at 10c.; selections, 10½c.; do fair to good, 9½@9¾c.; Ohio flat choice, 8c.; selections, 8½c.; do prime, 7½@7¾c.; do fair to good, 6@7c.; Pennsylvania part skims, fancy, 4@4½c.; do fair to prime, 2½@3½c.; do full skims, fresh arrivals, 2c., and old skims, ½@1c.

REFINED SUGARS.—Refiner's prices for round lots were 6¾@6¾c. as to brand for powdered; 6¾@6 11-16c. for granulated; 6 9 16c. for crystal A, and 6¾@6 3 16c. for confectioners' A.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet and steady at 9@9¾c. ₱ lb. Flax was firm at $1.40 per bushel. Timothy was quiet at 1.54@1 62½ per bushel as to quality, with sales of 100 bags fair at the inside rate.

FEED.—Sales of 2 cars fine winter Bran in bulk at $14 50@14.62½c.; 1 car do do in sacks at $15.50 including sacks, and 3 cars coarse winter Bran in bulk at $15@15.12½, all on spot.

Live Stock Prices.

The arrivals of live stock at the various stock yards were beeves, 4,400; sheep, 16,000; hogs, 4,300.

BEEF CATTLE were in large supply and with only a moderate demand prices closed from ½c. lower. Extra, 6¼@7c.; good, 5¾@6¼c.; medium, 5¼@5¾c.; common, 4@4¾c.; Texans, 4@5c.

FAT COWS were dull at 3@4¼c.

MILCH COWS were in better demand at $30@65.

VEAL CALVES were active and higher at 6@8c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS were in heavier supply, more stock arriving than for any previous week for years, and in consequence prices closed dull and fully ½c. on sheep and 1 or 1½c. per pound on lambs. Extra, 4¼@4½c.; good, 3¾@4c.; medium, 2¾@3½c.; common, 1½@2½c.; lambs, 3@6c.

HOGS were in fair demand and prices advanced ½c. per pound in sympathy with the West. We quote Western from 9½ to 9¾c., the latter for extra sold in a retail way, with sales of country at 9c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were in fair demand and prices closed lower at 7@9½c., the former rate for very common stock.

DRESSED SHEEP were active at 7@10c.

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